

# Catholic Digest

MARCH 1953

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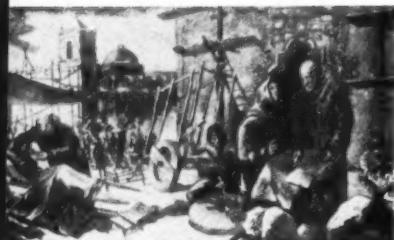


# Catholic Digest

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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ENGLAND AND IRELAND: Catholic Digest, 16 So. Frederick Street, Dublin.  
FRANCE: Ecclesia-Digeste Catholique, 15-20 rue du Saint-Gothard, Paris XIV; Familial Digest-Digeste Catholique, 31 rue de Fleurus, Paris VI.  
BELGIUM: Katholieke Digest, Ecclesia, and Familial Digest, 40 Boulevard de Jodoigne, Louvain.  
THE NETHERLANDS: Katholiek Vizier, 4 Dam, Amsterdam.  
ITALY: Sintesi dal Catholic Digest, 5 Via S. Antonio, N., Milan.  
GERMANY: Katholischer Digest, 39 Herstattstrasse, Aachenburg.  
JAPAN: 神田区神保町, 20 Honshicho, Shinjuku, Tokyo.  
LATIN AMERICA: Lo Mejor del Catholic Digest, 44 East 53rd Street, New York 22, N. Y.  
BRAILLE EDITION: National Braille Press, 88 St. Stephen Street, Boston 15, \$10 a year.

Foreign subscriptions at \$3 a year should be sent to the addresses given, not to the St. Paul office.

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Our editorial policy follows St. Paul's advice: All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely and gracious in the telling . . . let this be the argument of your thought.

Published Monthly. Subscription price, \$3 the year; 2 years for \$5; 3 years for \$7; 5 years for \$10. Same rates for two or more yearly subscriptions, which may include your own. Entered as second-class matter, November 11th, 1936, at the post office at St. Paul, Minn., under Act of March 3rd, 1879. Copyright 1953 by The Catholic Digest, Inc.

*In Canada:*

## Taxes Support Separate Schools

By JOHN E. THOMPSON

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*Mr. Thompson was formerly Canadian editor of Newsweek and later correspondent for Newsweek in Berlin and London. He has worked as a newspaperman in three Canadian provinces and has been managing editor of the Ensign, Canada's national Catholic news weekly, since 1950.*

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SCHOOL TAXES, bus rides for school children, and released time for religious instruction are questions covered in the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey of religion in the U. S.

The statistics revealed in the survey take on added meaning when you can compare the U. S. procedures with those of another country, Canada.

Here is an outline of the various school-tax systems of the Canadian provinces. The problems are solved, or left unsolved, differently in each of them.

Canada has a different school system for its primary grades in each of its ten provinces and the federally administered Northwest Territories. Education in Canada is the responsibility and prerogative of the provincial (or state)

governments. Federal-government aid has been offered only to universities. And at least one province (Quebec) has been reluctant to accept it, fearing that it might bring federal control.

In eight provinces, and in the Northwest Territories, all schools are supported in some degree by taxes.

In Manitoba and British Columbia, Catholics may set up their own schools. But they must pay for them in addition to paying tax levies for the public schools, the familiar U. S. system.

Only two provinces in Canada have what Catholics (and many Protestants) consider an equitable system of primary education guaranteeing the school rights of religious minorities, Quebec and Newfoundland.

In Quebec there are two systems of education, Catholic and Protestant. Both are subject to a single superintendent of education. In practice, each operates with complete autonomy. Taxes for Catholic schools are paid by Catholics; taxes for Protestant schools by Protestants. In addition, the pro-

vincial government gives generous grants to both Catholic and Protestant schools. Protestants have acknowledged publicly that the educational system gives their minority generous treatment.

Quebec's Superior Council of Education consists of two committees, one Catholic and one Protestant. Each manages independently the educational affairs of its population segment, making all administrative regulations, approving textbooks, and so on.

Taxpayers elect commissioners to administer school districts. Any minority, Protestant or Catholic, has the right to establish a commission for its own schools. The commission levies the school taxes, constructs and administers schools, appoints teachers. Catholic taxpayers pay their taxes for Catholic schools; Protestant taxpayers for Protestant schools.

School taxes are also levied against corporations and companies. These taxes go into a common fund called the "neutral panel." They are divided according to school enrollment where there is more than one school.

In addition, the provincial government makes substantial grants to both Catholic and Protestant schools. In the ten years ended March, 1951, the Protestant School Board of Montreal, for instance, received \$7,468,870 in special grants from the provincial government. This board is operating 80 schools

this year with a regular tax revenue of more than \$10 million for the year.

In its last fiscal year, the Province of Quebec spent a greater proportion of its revenue for education than any other province of Canada: 23% (\$50,300,000). This is in addition to school taxes covering normal school operations, because school taxes are not part of the provincial government revenue.

Newfoundland has a denominational school system. There are four main types of schools. There are no direct taxes for schools. All denominational schools (up to and including the 8th grade) are maintained by government grants.

Ninety-seven per cent of all school children are in one of four groups of schools: Anglican (33%); Catholic (31%); United Church (25%); Salvation Army (7%). In certain large industrial centers, two or more of the Protestant denominations have united in "amalgamated" schools. In sparsely settled districts, where there are insufficient children for any of the four denominational groups, all children attend "community" schools.

Government grants pay for school construction, equipment, maintenance, operation, and almost all of the teachers' salaries.

There are four superintendents of education (one for each denomination). School districts are set up on a denominational rather than a geographical basis. Each has a

board of education composed of five to seven local residents, invariably including the senior clergyman of the district denomination.

All lay teachers are trained at Memorial University college. Religious teachers are trained by their own Orders in accordance with provincial requirements. Religious education is provided in all schools, but is not compulsory.

In other provinces the systems are less equitable. They use their school taxes in various ways.

Maritime Provinces: Catholics in Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia operate separate schools with some aid from public funds. But they do so only under a "gentlemen's agreement" which has no legal basis and which includes only the larger centers of these three provinces.

By law, the primary-school system is entirely "public." In larger communities, the "gentlemen's agreement" permits Catholic parishes to build schools and rent them to the local school board. Teachers are paid through government grants and local taxes. Religion may be taught only before or after school hours.

Apart from the larger centers, or towns where there is a heavy Catholic population, Catholic schools must operate at their own expense. Catholics in these areas must pay taxes for local public schools and receive no benefit for their own schools.

Ontario: Catholics in Ontario pay taxes for their own separate schools. But their tax rate is usually higher than the rate for public schools.

One reason is that school taxes paid by corporations almost invariably go to the public schools. They must go to public schools unless the exact sworn proportion of Catholic shareholders can be shown, and this is usually difficult if not impossible. Even then, the corporation has the option of paying its taxes to public schools.

These heavy payments reduce public-school tax rates and widen the spread between public-school and separate-school rates.

Moreover, tenants rather than property owners decide which school system is to receive school taxes on property. A Catholic tenant may decide that the school taxes on the property he is occupying go to a Catholic school or to a public school.

A Protestant tenant, even though he is living in a home owned by a Catholic, must direct that the taxes go to a public school.

In a mixed marriage, if the husband is a Protestant (and normally the tenant), the taxes must go to the public school. This rule prevails even though the children are attending a Catholic school.

In most Ontario towns, when a Catholic rents a property owned by a Protestant, the lease has a school-tax clause. The tenant agrees to re-

imburse the owner for the difference between the lower public-school rate and the higher separate-school rate.

If the population of a town is predominantly Catholic, the voters may elect to have Catholic public schools, and the minority Protestants then set up separate schools. With a population of 4,597,542, Ontario has fewer than six Protestant separate schools.

The Department of Education regulates both public and separate schools. Provincial grants aid them.

Separate schools now operate eight grades and, in some instances, grades 9 and 10 (the first two years of high school.)

Two years ago a provincial commission recommended that separate schools operate only six grades. But the three major political parties in the province have indicated that they will not implement this provision.

Manitoba: There is no legal provision for separate schools in this prairie province. Catholic schools get no public funds. Catholic parents must pay taxes for public schools and then support schools for their own children themselves. Pupils at a Catholic school are exempt from attending public schools only if they receive a certificate once yearly that the schools are providing instruction equivalent to that offered by public schools. Provincial inspectors check this instruction regularly.

In Winnipeg, the largest city, with about half the province's 776,000 population, about half the Catholic school children attend Catholic schools.

Local school boards may, if they wish, permit religious instruction in the last half-hour of the school day on designated days.

In some parts of the province, where the population is predominantly French-Canadian and Catholic, public schools are operated almost as Catholic schools. But there is no legal basis for this "sufferance."

Alberta and Saskatchewan: The school system in these two provinces is similar to Ontario's. Religious minorities (Catholic or Protestant) may operate separate schools by taxing property owners who are not required to pay public-school taxes.

Catholics in Alberta, however, must be a minority to have the right to operate a separate school, and the minority must be sufficient to support a separate school. If Catholics are in the majority, their children must attend the public school, where there are strict regulations against religious symbols and limitations on the teaching of religion. In some localities, Protestants have been known to vote as Catholics on school questions to force a Catholic majority and thus prevent founding of a Catholic separate school.

Corporations in Alberta may pay

school taxes to separate schools, but it is up to school boards to collect them. Some corporations pay; some do not. In some districts, separate schools obtain a fair share of corporation taxes; in many they do not.

British Columbia: This Pacific coast province has, like Manitoba, no provision for separate schools. Catholics must pay taxes for public schools and then pay again for their own private schools. The provincial government, however, in a recent concession, agreed to provide health services for children at Catholic schools, free textbooks for the first six grades, and textbooks on a rental-loan basis (\$3.50 to \$4 a year per child) for higher grades.

In British Columbia, the Catholic Education association is seeking the right to use for Catholic schools

the taxes now being paid by Catholic parents to support public schools.

Northwest Territories: Since last November, corporations in Yellowknife, NWT, have been required to pay a proportion of their school taxes to Catholic schools unless they can prove that 100% of their shareholders are public-school supporters. Corporation taxes are divided in direct proportion to the ordinary assessment on properties.

Outside of Quebec and Newfoundland, therefore, Catholic parents in Canada have yet to achieve rights equal to those of their fellow citizens. In Manitoba and British Columbia, their rights are virtually ignored.

Forty four and seven tenths per cent of Canadians are Catholic; 56% of these live in the exemplar province of Quebec.



### *Now I Lay Me Down . . .*

**A** LITTLE GIRL, taken to church for the first time, showed keen interest in the proceedings and when the parishioners knelt she asked what they were doing. Her mother whispered, "They are saying their prayers, dear."

The little girl looked around in amazement and then inquired, "Saying their prayers with all their clothes on?"

Raymond C. Otto.

\*  
. . . *Ouch!*

**T**HE LADY of the house was entertaining her bridge club when she heard the pattering of little feet on the stairs. She raised her hand for silence.

"Hush," she said softly, "the children are going to say their prayers. It gives me such a feeling of reverence to hear them—Listen."

There was a moment of silence—then shyly, "Mama, Willie found a bedbug."

RPM Pipeline (Dec. '52).

# What Do We Think of Our Schools?

*Seventh of a series of articles on the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey of religion in the U.S.*

THE U.S. today has two educational systems. One is that of the public schools, which declare themselves to be neutral in religious matters. They, therefore, do not, as a general rule, teach religion.

The other is that of the private religious schools, which teach religion along with the other subjects.

Saving the difference of religion or no religion, both types of schools have pretty much the same general curriculum.

This part of the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey of religion in the U.S. sought to determine what the general public thinks of the two types in relation to each other. The question was carefully worded: "Some religious denominations support their own schools, to which members prefer to send their children rather than to public schools. Do you think these religious schools are good or bad for the country, or don't you think it makes any difference?"

The question does not ask about Catholic schools alone. Many religious denominations have their own schools: Lutheran, Episcopalian, and others, on the lower levels

of education, and dozens of Protestant bodies, on higher levels.

The question seeks only to determine if the general public (104 million people over 18 years of age) think these schools are *good* or *bad* for the country.

*How many think they are bad for the country?* Sixteen per cent say they think they are bad. No attempt was made to find out why they thought so. Only that they did. That percentage adds up to around 16½ million men and women over 18 years of age.

Those who believe in private religious schools have a gigantic task before them: to convince 16½ million people that private schools are not what they think they are.

*How many think they are good?* This is the pleasant side of the report. A healthy 42% think they are good for the country. That means that over 43½ million people have that opinion. These are the people who are not deceived by the slogan "divisive influence," which is a negative counterpart of Hitler's *gleichgeschaltung* (making everything the same).

There is a large group which has



no opinion: 31%, or more than 32 million adults; and a final 11% who either qualify their answers or have no opinion on the subject.

The significant part of this report is not so much the numbers who think private schools are good for the country or those who think it makes no difference. The significant fact is that there are 16½ million adults who think they are bad for the U.S.!

*How about the quality of teaching?* The second part of the question asked, "How would you rate the quality of the general education given in religious grade schools as compared with the public grade schools: about the same, better, or not as good?"

The answers are what we would expect on the basis of our knowledge of the first answers. There were 16% who thought private schools bad for the country. Here there are 17% who think the general education in private schools is not as good as in public schools. People who think private schools are bad for their country would probably also regard the teaching as inferior.

On the encouraging side, 37% regard the teaching as the same, and 25% think it is better in religious grade schools than in public schools. That makes a total of 64½ million out of the 104 million adult Americans who think it is as good or better in religious grade schools, as against 17½% who think it is

inferior. Only 3% qualified their answers, while 18% had no opinion.

*Significance.* The first conclusion one might draw is that religious schools are, like the automobile, here to stay. The vast majority of people recognize their place in a democracy where we do not have uniformity in so important a field as education. Competition between the two systems is healthy.

The first thing any dictator does is to destroy private schools and set up a state monopoly of education, an important goal of which is to glorify or even deify the dictator. If we had a state monopoly of education in the U.S., any incipient Hitler would eye it greedily.

On the other hand, the vast majority, who favor private schools, ought to be on guard against the pressures of any and every minority group which seeks to establish a monopoly.

## *Who Rides in the Bus?*

Should taxes be used to help religious schools; should they absolutely not be used; or should the country try to come to some sort of compromise?

The CATHOLIC DIGEST survey shows just how the country divides itself on this question.

The first point is the easiest. Should children in religious schools be allowed to ride the buses and

Question 4a. Public funds are used in some states to give free bus service and free books to children in the public schools. Do you think public funds should also be used to give free bus service and free books to children in religious schools, or not?

	Millions of People This Represents	Yes %	No %	Undecided %
TOTAL U. S. . . . .	104.0	50	40	10
RELIGION—R. Catholic. . . . .	23.7	79	12	9
Protestant total. . . . .	71.1	41	50	9
Baptist. . . . .	18.0	47	42	11
Methodist. . . . .	16.6	42	49	9
Lutheran. . . . .	7.9	39	53	8
Presbyterian. . . . .	7.2	32	59	9
Episcopal. . . . .	3.0	25	66	9
Congregational. . . . .	1.6	34	56	10
Other denominations. . . . .	16.8	42	49	9
Jewish. . . . .	3.5	45	44	11
Other and None. . . . .	5.7	42	42	16
SEX—Men. . . . .	51.5	51	41	8
Women. . . . .	52.5	50	39	11
AGE—18-24. . . . .	11.8	54	38	8
25-34. . . . .	23.4	52	39	9
35-44. . . . .	22.3	51	40	9
45-54. . . . .	20.0	45	43	12
55-64. . . . .	13.7	50	41	9
65 & over. . . . .	12.8	49	37	14
RACE—White. . . . .	93.7	49	41	10
Negro. . . . .	10.3	63	21	16
EDUCATION—0-8th grade. . . . .	25.0	59	28	13
1-3 years' high school. . . . .	19.8	55	34	11
High school graduate. . . . .	39.4	46	46	8
1-3 years' college. . . . .	7.3	38	53	9
College graduate. . . . .	12.5	28	64	8
OCCUPATION—Professional. . . . .	9.3	31	60	9
Proprietor or manager. . . . .	9.4	42	50	8
White-collar worker. . . . .	19.5	47	44	9
Service worker. . . . .	10.4	55	33	12
Manual worker. . . . .	40.9	59	32	9
Farmer. . . . .	13.0	43	42	15
Other. . . . .	1.5	45	43	12
INCOME—Upper. . . . .	17.7	37	55	8
Middle. . . . .	53.0	48	43	9
Lower. . . . .	33.3	60	28	12
CITY SIZE—Over million. . . . .	12.1	59	30	11
100,000-1 Million. . . . .	18.6	50	38	12
25,000-100,000. . . . .	12.2	59	33	8
10,000-25,000. . . . .	8.2	48	45	7
Under 10,000. . . . .	35.9	45	46	9
Rural. . . . .	17.0	47	40	13
REGION—New England. . . . .	6.4	63	32	5
Middle Atlantic. . . . .	20.8	57	34	9
South Atlantic. . . . .	14.6	57	34	9
East South Central. . . . .	7.9	48	38	14
West South Central. . . . .	10.0	46	44	10
East North Central. . . . .	21.0	46	44	10
West North Central. . . . .	9.7	44	43	13
Mountain. . . . .	9.5	32	54	14
Pacific. . . . .	10.1	41	49	10

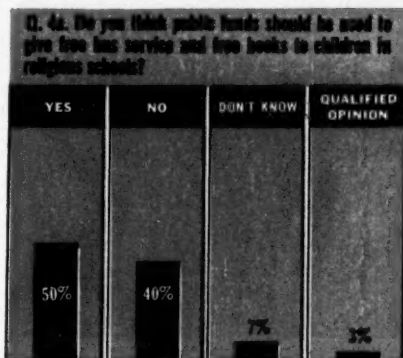
should they get textbooks? The question was carefully asked: "Public funds are used in some states to give free bus service and free books to children in the public schools. Do you think public funds should also be used to give free bus service and free books to children in religious schools, or not?"

The result is a little surprising. One-half the people answer an unqualified Yes. To them it obviously seems rather foolish to pick up the public-school children at one house and pass up the other school children next door. Perhaps they feel that the present policy is bad for both groups, since it cannot help but cause enmity between them. The public-school children are taught to look down on the poor kids who can't ride in their bus; and the children who have to walk are taught to envy the riders.

In any event, half the adult population is in favor of letting them ride. However, a full 40% are just as determinedly against it.

It is a pity that such a question should be allowed to divide the country. Perhaps the simplest solution is get rid of all buses and to use public transportation where transportation is really needed. In many cases school buses are a luxury. It is foolish to carry a load of children to school, and then drive them out onto the playground to make them exercise.

A division like this can cause great damage to the country. It is

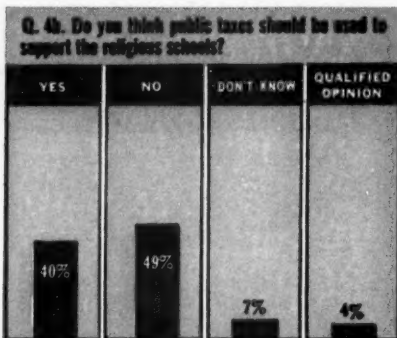


constantly creating tension and friction between the two halves of the population.

It obviously cuts across all religious affiliation, too. Even if all Catholics are in favor of including all children (which is a supposition, since many are not) there are 33.1 millions of non-Catholic adult Americans who disfavor this discrimination.

*What about taxes?* The second half of the question reveals a similar split in public opinion. It concerns the use of taxes to support religious schools. The exact question is: "People who send their children to religious schools pay taxes for the support of the public schools, as well as paying for the support of the religious schools. Do you think public taxes should be used to support the religious schools also, or not?"

How many favor the use of taxes to support such schools? Of the adult population, 40% are in favor of it, while 49% are opposed. Notice



that the percentages are here reversed. In the case of buses and books 50% were in favor, 40% were opposed. Here again we have almost a 50-50 split in public opinion, and a dangerous area for the unity of the country.

These are two evenly divided segments of the population opposing each other in a matter which affects them intimately through their children. One can expect that they will continue to oppose each other if either side tries to win the battle.

Each side will claim that its opinion is just and right. The argument will go on, and the children will suffer most. They will learn the arguments from their elders and try them out on each other. When they grow up they will pass them on to their children, and their children to their children, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Other countries have solved it with a compromise; Holland, for instance, and Canada. Those countries subsidize the child instead of the school.

The tax money, allotted by the state, is in turn allotted by the parents to the school of their choice. There is no discrimination. All citizens are treated alike. Children have no occasion to quarrel from their elders.

If some such compromise is not sought by the leaders of America, we may expect that for the remainder of the 20th century the country will remain split on this issue.

## Released Time

Religion is not part of the public-school curriculum. Yet we know from our survey that 98%\* of American adults want their children to receive religious instruction.

In recent years some localities have agreed on a compromise, called released-time instruction. Public opinion on this plan was measured in the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey. This question was asked: "In some states, children in public schools are allowed to leave school early to attend classes in their own religion, taught by religious teachers of their own faith. Do you think this is a good idea, a bad idea, or don't you think it makes any difference?"

It was found that 54% of Americans over 18 years of age thought it a good plan. That represents over 56 million people.

Those who thought it a bad idea

\*To be reported in a future article.

were 22% (nearly 23 million).

Twenty-four per cent were indifferent or had no opinion.

This is an encouraging sign. In the case of bus transportation and the use of taxes for all schools, the entire country is rather evenly split in two. No attempt has been made to reach a compromise there.

In this case of religious instruction a compromise has been reached, and the public in general has shown that it approves.

Released-time instruction is a compromise. It is, perhaps, unsatisfactory to many, both in religion and in public-school administration. But it is the best we can do under the circumstances. There is a difference here of about 30 million people. We know that 51 million are opposed to using taxes to support religious schools directly but only 23 million are opposed to released-time instruction. Can this mean that the 28 million people, who are in favor of one and not the other, approve the compromise? Perhaps not, but we can say that

28 million more people are in favor of released time than are in favor of tax support.

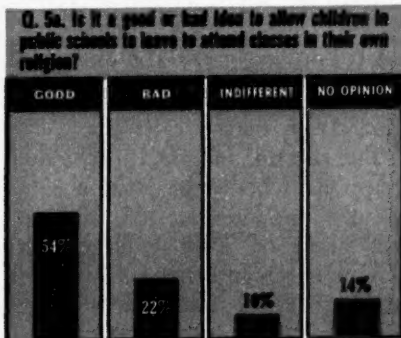
*How about the building?* The persons representing the 56.1 million people who favor released-time instruction were asked one further question: "Would you be in favor of or opposed to holding these religious classes in the public-school building, or wouldn't it make any difference to you?"

The answers show how difficult the problem is. There are 24% of all American adults in favor of having religious instruction given in the public-school building. (This is, of course, nearly half of the 52 million who favor the released-time plan.) However, 12% of all Americans are opposed to it, while 17% say that to them it makes no difference.

One might add the "make-no-differences" (17%) to those who favor (24%) and those expressing no opinion (1%) to get the percentage of all adult Americans who do not disfavor using the public-school building.

As a matter of fact, the public-school building is hardly ever used for classes in religion. The religious bodies who conduct the classes usually rent some kind of space near the public school, if they do not happen to have space of their own available. The rented space could be a hall, or a store, or clubrooms of one kind or another.

Such space is usually inferior to



Question 5a. In some states, children in public schools are allowed to leave school early to attend classes in their own religion, taught by religious teachers of their own faith. Do you think this is a good idea, a bad idea, or don't you think it makes any difference?

	Millions of People This Represents	Good Idea %	Bad Idea %	Indifferent %
TOTAL U. S. ....	104.0	54	22	24
RELIGION—R. Catholic .....	23.7	76	10	14
Protestant total .....	71.1	49	26	25
Baptist .....	18.0	45	27	28
Methodist .....	16.6	48	26	26
Lutheran .....	7.9	58	21	21
Presbyterian .....	7.2	50	26	24
Episcopal .....	3.0	53	25	22
Congregational .....	1.6	60	24	16
Other denominations .....	16.8	46	27	27
Jewish .....	3.5	43	31	26
Other and None .....	5.7	39	21	40
AGE—18-24 .....	11.8	62	16	22
25-34 .....	23.4	56	21	23
35-44 .....	22.3	56	22	22
45-54 .....	20.0	50	25	25
55-64 .....	13.7	55	20	25
65 & over .....	12.8	49	27	24
EDUCATION—0-8th grade .....	25.0	53	21	26
1-3 years' high school .....	19.8	58	18	24
High school graduate .....	39.4	55	22	23
1-3 years' college .....	7.3	54	25	21
College graduate .....	12.5	56	26	18
CITY SIZE—Over Million .....	12.1	59	17	24
100,000-1 Million .....	18.6	59	16	25
25,000-100,000 .....	12.2	60	18	22
10,000-25,000 .....	8.2	54	21	25
Under 10,000 .....	35.9	51	26	23
Rural .....	17.0	50	25	25
REGION—New England .....	6.4	64	24	12
Middle Atlantic .....	20.8	67	14	19
South Atlantic .....	14.6	52	21	27
East South Central .....	7.9	43	28	29
West South Central .....	10.0	45	25	30
East North Central .....	21.0	56	24	20
West North Central .....	9.7	55	16	29
Mountain .....	9.5	48	17	35
Pacific .....	10.1	51	28	21

the school; it might also involve a fire hazard for the children. But the religious bodies hardly ever complain.

Here are two aspects of one problem of education. The first concerns buses and taxes, where no sensible compromise has been proposed, and no experiments have been made.

It, therefore, splits the country squarely in two.

The second, religious instruction in public schools, has had a compromise proposed, tested, and put into being on a fairly large scale.

This much information ought to make it easier for leaders of all religious bodies to plan the future.

# An Ark in Ireland

*Peaceful resistance wins even  
in Erin*

By PATRICK J. HAMELL

Condensed from the  
*Irish Ecclesiastical Record\**



**T**HE PARISH of Carrigaholt, Ireland, comprised a 20-mile peninsula between the Shannon river and the Atlantic ocean. In 1849 it had 8,000 souls, and cholera and famine fever were raging. In May of that year, Father Duggan, the pastor, and his two curates were down with cholera. On the 19th, Father Duggan died, and Father Meehan, who had anointed him, succeeded him as parish priest.

At that time there was in Carrigaholt parish only one school. The tenants were tenants at will, and entirely at the mercy of the landlord. The landlord announced a scheme of education for the children, free and without obligation. Three schools were to be built, at Doonaha, Kilballyowen, and Kilbaha, and the faith of the children was to be safeguarded by providing that the parish priest give them religious instruction outside the school.

Difficulties soon came. The school children began to carry home

strange tales about confession, to speak about the doctrines of the Eucharist and the Blessed Virgin as idolatry. They refused to come to the priest for instruction. The pretense of fair dealing and concern for education was soon dropped. Parents and children were under the landlord's heel, and soon the academic staff was augmented by parsons and Scripture readers.

Father Meehan saw that he had to save the children, but he had no church, school nor money. His only hope lay in securing a near-by place in which to say Mass and give instruction. His first idea was to say Mass in private houses, but he abandoned that because of the threat of eviction held over the owners. In 1851, two brothers who had adjoining dwellings were emigrating to America. Father Meehan got their homes, removed the dividing wall, and opened St. Patrick's church.

His success was short-lived. An ejection order was obtained in court. The altar and crucifix were

\*41 & 42 Nassau St., Dublin, Ireland. August, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by Browne & Nolan, Ltd., and reprinted with permission.

thrown out, the roof taken off, the walls leveled, and Father Meehan on his third visit to say Mass found St. Patrick's demolished. He next constructed an altar from two carts, put facing one another, with some slender protection from the elements, and said Mass on it on the strand at Kilbaha. When weather made that impossible he tried to offer Mass in a tent supported by three poles.

How could he defeat the landlord's refusal of a site for church or altar or school in the peninsula? Then, one day in 1852, he had an inspiration. "Please, God," he said, "the candles won't be quenched any more at Kilbaha. I was traveling from Kilrush to Kilkee yesterday in Moore's omnibus, and it struck me that if I could make something like that omnibus—strong, and covered on all sides, I could say Mass in it at Kilbaha."

Owen Collins, the local carpenter, was given ten pounds to execute Father Meehan's idea, and in two weeks the idea had taken shape in the street at Carrigaholt. It was a wooden shed with windows on the sides, an altar at the end, and an entrance at the front reached by a short ladder. It was mounted on four wheels, and it was easily moved from place to place, and it could be turned around so that priest and altar were protected from the wind and the rain. Through the windows, three on each side, the people who knelt on the sea-

shore could see and follow Mass.

It was called the Ark, and in very truth an ark of salvation it became to a sorely tried people. Priests and people were driven not merely to the wall but to the ocean. But they fixed the Ark on the shore and, gathering round it, turned to face resolutely the attack on the faith of their fathers.

An attempt was made to have the Ark removed as an illegal obstruction to the highway. Father Meehan was called before the court in Kilkee, but the case was dismissed, as was an appeal against the decision. For five years Mass was celebrated in the Ark and religious instruction given from it. People were married there and children baptized. And there on the wild coast, in all weathers, the people knelt under the canopy of heaven, their eyes fixed on the little wooden temple of God where the great Sacrifice was being offered. A stranger looking on the scene declared that he knew little of the fervor of Irish Catholic faith till he heard that kneeling crowd. With their heads reverently bent at the moment of Consecration, they would murmur over the beating of the sea on the shore, "*Céad míle fáilthe, a Thierna,*" "a hundred thousand welcomes, O Lord."

Father Meehan's perseverance finally broke the tyranny of the landlord. The story of the Ark attracted the attention of the world, and brought visitors as distin-



guished as Dr. Manning, later a cardinal; Mr. Monsell, afterwards Lord Emly; Sir Stephen de Vere; and Lady Petre. The Limerick *Leader* wrote of it; the Rev. Dr. Cahill, on holiday in Kilkee, protested in the Dublin *Catholic Telegraph* against the intolerance that drove priests and people to such straits.

The landlord found himself compelled to grant a site for a church. The Ark was brought in triumph from the seashore and placed on the site of a new church to be built at Moneen, and on July 12, 1857, the foundation stone of the new church was laid. Father Meehan collected funds in Ireland, England and America. In addition, new schools were built and a way of life befitting a faithful Catholic people had been achieved before the greathhearted priest was called to his reward.

When his last illness came, Fa-

ther Meehan went to his sister, Mrs. Kennedy, William St., Limerick, and died there in 1878. His body was brought by steamboat to Kiltrush, and from there to Carrigaholt, and finally to the new church at Moneen. But first the parishioners carried his body to the spot on the shore where he had so often celebrated Mass in the Ark. His last journey was from that sacred spot to the beautiful church which he had built at Moneen. He was buried in the church just in front of the altar rail on the Gospel side.

The Ark was for a time sheltered in a little house built for it on the church grounds, and was later placed inside the church. In recent years a special chapel has been constructed for it, and there within a few feet of the mortal remains of Father Meehan rests the Ark of Kilbaha, a stern relic of penal days, and mute witness to an unconquerable spirit.

*I think we can*

**AVOID WAR if:** \_\_\_\_\_

The 18% of Catholics, the 32% of Protestants, and the 56% of Jews in America who were placed in the category of nonchurchgoers by the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey become practical Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. Those of them, I mean, who *could* go to church, but *do not*. Like-

wise, their counterparts in all parts of the World would have to become churchgoers and God-fearing people in order to assure avoidance of another war. Then and only then will there be "peace on earth among men of good will."

William V. Geaney

[For similar contributions of about 100 words, filling out the thought after the words, I think we can avoid war if, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.]

# This Is Radio 'Free Europe'

*A priest and a broadcasting station are striking  
behind the Iron Curtain*

By JOHN LINEHAN

THE SOVIETS have done everything they can to wipe out the Church in their satellite countries. But it is increasingly clear that they have not succeeded and will not succeed. Their efforts have alienated an estimated 90% of the people. Red blundering, the staunchness and prudence of the Church's leaders, and the imagination of Radio Free Europe are mainly responsible for Catholicism's continuing strength in the face of persecution.

Radio Free Europe is a network of stations in Munich, Germany. It is privately sponsored by American contributors to the Crusade for Freedom, a branch of the National Committee for a Free Europe. It broadcasts daily to Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Hungary, and less frequently, to Rumania, Bulgaria, and Albania. It broadcasts uncensored news and agricultural advice; and tries to keep the real national cultures alive in the minds of captive peoples. Most important, it lets exiled priests, rabbis, and ministers speak directly to people at home.

Father Alexander Heidler, the

Fulton Sheen of Czechoslovakia, is brisk, efficient, tall, lean, earnest and young. Having spoken out against the communists from the beginning, he had to escape in 1949 to Western Germany. There he ministered to a refugee camp for Czechs.

"My primary function," Father Heidler told me, "is to broadcast Mass from a small Munich church each Sunday. Czechs from a nearby refugee camp are brought to church by bus. I say the Mass in Czech and the congregation sings familiar, ancient Czech hymns."

I asked him why Latin was not used. Father Heidler explained, "Many listeners who are neither churchgoers nor Catholics would lose interest. Since the people cannot see the ritual, they can understand the meaning of the Mass only if they understand the language. Furthermore, it is a Czech privilege bestowed long ago by Rome to say Mass in Czech."

Father Heidler's Sunday sermons are in short, nonpolitical contrast to those which the Reds arrange

for the churches at home. His weekday "fighting-Church" talks, however, are designed to give the people knowledge necessary for survival of the Church in Czechoslovakia. In these talks he gives religious instruction, announces world Church news, and explains Church doctrine, dogma, policy, problems, activities and attitudes. He advises priests as well as laymen. He tells the clergymen who have remained behind how they can best avoid compromising with the regime. He keeps himself well informed on Czech developments. Thus he can warn Czech priests about Soviet feints, traps, and disguises, and shows them how to get around state dictation without being silenced.

The communist war on the Church divided Czech priests into three categories: those who spoke out boldly against the Reds; those who shunned politics and had little or nothing to say; and those who, through pressure or opportunism, compromised with the regime.

Most of the younger priests were the first to speak out against the regime. As a result, they have either fled or been silenced. The communists have been careful in most cases not to make martyrs of the captive priests. They have been put instead at hard labor in camps or the army. Because the regime desperately needs "peace priests," they are under constant pressure to join the "state clergy."

At the other extreme are priests who have turned their backs on Rome and become puppets of the regime. The regime tries to pressure the imprisoned archbishops, who are out of touch with current events, to pick those men for bishoprics and other high positions when they become vacant. Although some of those priests are undoubtedly morally weak enough to accept tempting offers, others have been blackmailed or pressured into submission. The Vatican feels that there is no just way of judging the degree of pressure which has been brought to bear on those who superficially appear to have succumbed to the regime. It has officially excommunicated only one Czech priest. Now that Father Heidler, speaking for the Vatican, can outline clearly the boundaries beyond which one is excommunicated automatically, priests know when they have gone too far.

Between those two groups are priests who have neither been outspoken enough to be silenced nor cooperative enough to be encouraged by the Reds. Most of these priests are old. Many, in fact, have been called back from retirement. The majority are pastors in small villages, which the Reds leave relatively alone. The government tolerates these priests because it has been unable to recruit enough state priests. The Church also needs legitimate priests on the job. Therefore they are urged not to flee nor retire

### *Forest Priests*

In Catholic Slovakia, hundreds of priests have eluded their Red persecutors. These priests move among their people as factory hands, farm workers or miners. They visit the families of the faithful, celebrate Mass in isolated homes or farms, or in the depths of the forests. Each of the resisting priests is a fighter on his own. He has no superiors to guide him, and months may go by before he meets a fellow-priest to whom he can turn for spiritual support. The Slovak hierarchy has been virtually eliminated; five bishops are in prison and four are under close house arrest.

C. Strachwitz, NCWC (9 Oct. '52).

unless they are being forced into compromise or unless the police are after them. Each week Father Heidler encourages them and relays Vatican advice which helps them continue their tasks without compromising.

Soviet fear of Radio Free Europe has been shown repeatedly. But to date, the regime has been powerless to prevent this flow of truth and ideas. They have tried to jam transmissions. Their cumbersome, static-making equipment, however, can be directed at only one wave length at a time; RFE can broadcast over the others. The Reds tried

to bribe RFE out of existence. They offered to release American hostages held behind the Iron Curtain in exchange for its silence. They failed.

Current Red policies show that the Church militant and the regime's own blundering have sabotaged Red plans to abolish religion. It is significant that Father Heidler does not have to be on the offensive to win converts.

"People who are against the regime in the homeland," he says, "whether or not they were formerly in sympathy with the communists, usually respect the Church as a fighter for freedom. Instead of trying to convert people, I have to try to make them understand why the Pope so frequently advocates peace rather than the liberation of Czechoslovakia."

The Reds have retreated from their confident attitude of 1948. They thought that as soon as the people were "enlightened" religion would shrivel. At that time a communist official said to me in Prague, "Of course the churches are open. Our only desire is to keep the Church from meddling in politics, where it doesn't belong. As soon as the old and superstitious people die, there will be no more need for churches."

The atheist movement, once the subject of intense indoctrination courses, has failed. The regime itself has been largely responsible. It tried to both persuade and co-

erce the people into suddenly believing in nothing. Communist hopes of indoctrinating young people have also failed; youths have as strong a hatred of communism as their elders. This general bitterness terrifies the communists. They know that unless they can raise a generation devoted to Marxism now, they never will.

Nor is Czechoslovakia the only country in which communist atheism has been unsuccessful and faith in God is growing. In the nonsatellite but equally Marxist country of Yugoslavia I found that Tito was having the same problem and the same defeat. Tito's alarm and chagrin were shown in a long speech in which he protested that too many young people were going to church. When I visited the country, I found an unusual number of indoctrinated young people still going to church. One Yugoslav communist told me, "They go primarily because the regime forbids it. Young people always want to do what they're not supposed to. They are born rebels."

Other Yugoslavs said that much more than sheer negativism was driving young people to church. Indifference to God is a luxury which cannot be afforded by those

whose right to believe has been challenged. More people than ever, old and young, openly and in secret, are turning to religion for spiritual strength.

This uncompromising attitude of the Reds may well have been the deciding factor which has brought ideological victory for Rome and the West. In attacking religion first, communist dictators took a step which both Mussolini and Hitler were able and careful to avoid.

Spanning the Moldau to the Hradcany is Prague's oldest bridge, the Charles, world famous as one of Czechoslovakia's great works of art. Upon its wide stone railings, at intervals of about 50 feet, stand stone statues of the Holy Family, the Apostles, and the most beloved saints of Bohemia. They have stood on that bridge for centuries.

The Red regime, at the age of five, has already disillusioned its victims. It is almost inevitable that weary Czechs who cross that bridge, who have fought and longed for liberty all their lives, should reflect that those rock monuments express a faith which was old when the bridge was built. Even to Stalin that bridge must stand as a promise that the teachings of Christ will outlast their latest enemy.



SOME people are like boats—they toot loudest when in a fog.

*Rotaview* (3 June '52).

# My View of Life

*A famous actor recounts the times he has felt the mercy of God*

By GENE LOCKHART

Condensed from *Guideposts*\*

WHEN I was four, my brother, myself and another boy were clearing the ice for curling, a game played in our native Ontario. The ice broke, and the three of us plunged into the freezing water.

A passer-by saw the accident, but did not know how many of us were in trouble. He quickly got a long pole and fished out our companion, who was so frozen and frightened he could not tell the man that there were still two other children under the ice. The man pushed the pole out again to retrieve what looked like the boy's cap, but it was the belt around my coat. He hauled me to the surface, and to the shore.

My brother drowned. I was given up for dead. After 12 hours, a sign of life appeared.

Later, while she was

holding me in her arms, I heard my mother murmur, "Thank you, dear God, for being with him."

I was puzzled, "Where had God been? Where was He now?" Today, almost half a lifetime later, I have searched my mind and heart to reassemble the jigsaw pieces of yesterday, and to answer the question, "Where is God?"

God was certainly in the love my mother bore me when I first saw light. Mother was a devout and believing person. For her, no one could do wrong. If they did, she would find ample reason to prove it was not their fault. She loved people.

No matter how empty our larder was, neither mother nor father could ever turn anyone away from our door. And many came. Mother loved the nearness



\*Pawling, N. Y. March, 1953. Copyright, 1953, by Guideposts Associates, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

of friends and children. At the least provocation she would stage a concert or a show in the town hall, or even in our living room, and almost always for children, from seven to 70.

One day a stray collie dog came to our door. Mother chatted with him, patted him, and fed him. Before he ate his food, he jumped up in gratitude, rolled over, leaped over a chair, and played dead.

Mother laughed with delight. "Children! Come and see the star of our show next Saturday afternoon."

At the age of eight I started dancing with the famous Kilties band of Canada, for which my father sang. Between engagements I received coaching in comedy from Harry Rich, who taught me how to deliver a comic song.

Mr. Rich had another pupil at that time, my friend Beatrice Lillie, who makes thousands forget their troubles today.

As I grew up preparing for a career on the stage, my mother advised me, "Arm yourself with another skill to take up the time you will spend waiting for work."

At De La Salle college, I enrolled in a business course. Later I worked in the ticket office of the New York Central railway, in Toronto, and then for the Underwood Typewriter Co. The latter association was more than a job. The company held an annual minstrel show, to which I was allowed to contribute consid-

erable nonsense. I am still wondering why I was hired.

The son of the president was Ernest Seitz, who became my good friend and collaborator in writing songs. After my discharge from the Canadian army at the end of the 1st World War, we completed six songs. We hoped we might write a hit. One of the songs was *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise*. That was in 1921, and I believe it is still a popular song.

At the age of 22 I decided to besiege New York. In due course my pockets were empty. I could not write home for money, and I did what I had been taught from childhood. I got on my knees and prayed. A day later I was given a job installing a filing system in a milling company. While there I continued my studies, attended recitals, memorized roles, took singing lessons and knocked on many doors looking for stage work.

Then came a break, my first professional job in America, on a Chatauqua and Lyceum circuit. It lasted for 90 weeks. Since then I have played an astonishing variety of roles.\*

One of my successes was my marriage to Kathleen Arthur, an actress and musician of great merit. Shortly after our marriage we were twice blessed. I appeared in my first Broadway hit, *Sun-up*, which ran for two and a half years, and we

\*See The Actor Who Skipped Some Words, CATHOLIC DIGEST, May, 1952, page 41.

were given a lovely daughter, June. She began dancing in the Metropolitan-opera ballet school at eight, and today is a busy television and stage actress.

There has always been a sweetness in the life and work Kathleen and I have had together.

For years we gave our own recitals and prepared the material ourselves. We were in New York at the debut of radio. I wrote five programs a week, and we appeared in two of them. Every Sunday night for two years, we were in *Sunday Nights at Nine*, an informal revue where artists with new ideas, perseverance, and faith could find a platform. Among the artists who appeared and went on to fame were Shirley Booth and Van Heflin.

One night in August, 1933, I was walking down a New York avenue when I passed one of the directors of the Theater Guild. He walked by, head down, lost in thought. When I hailed him with a hearty, "Good evening," he looked, but did not reply.

The Theater Guild summoned me the next morning. After a reading, I was assigned the part of Uncle Sid in Eugene O'Neill's tender comedy, *Ah, Wilderness*. The success of the play led me to Hollywood and the beginning of a long and happy career that still endures.

The God I know is a God of bounty and laughter, of hope and kindness, of testing and trusting.

GENE LOCKHART has an amazing variety of talents besides his history-making acting ability. He has appeared in some 70 movies, including *Algiers*, *The Sea Wolf*, *The Inspector General*, and *Miracle of 34th Street*. His most recent stage hit was *Death of a Salesman*.

As a young man, Lockhart held Canada's one-mile swimming championship. He is a stage director; has written reviews and plays, and the books, scores, and lyrics for several musicals. He has lectured at the Julliard School of Music, contributed a weekly column to a Canadian publication, and written extensively for theatrical magazines.

Recently, Gene wrote the music for *Mother of All*, a sacred song based on the Hail Mary. It is published by Chappels.

He is, above all, a God of mercy.

Fourteen years ago I went swimming off Laguna beach, in California, and was caught in a fierce rip-tide.

I couldn't find bottom, nor could I struggle out of the rushing undertow. I had two thoughts then. 1. I asked God's forgiveness; 2. I wondered how long the struggle would continue. At the very last moment, when I was sinking for what seemed to be a last time, a hand yanked me out. *He* was there



again, in the person of a watchful lifeguard.

There was the tour we took with Kilties band when I was eight. In Pennsylvania, as a childish prank, I climbed into a coal bunker which rides up the steep hill and flips over to empty its cargo. A miner saw me grinding up the ways, rushed over, and pulled me out just before the bunker would have turned over and plunged me to my death down the hillside.

Sometimes, before and after my skirmishes with death, I've forgotten to give thanks to the Saving Hand that swept me back to life. Thoughtlessly, I patted myself egotistically, praising my own luck, vigor, or talent. Now I know. In each instance the circumstances of rescue implied intervention that was more than human. God was with me. The God of mercy.

Inching slowly toward what is called "success," we are all restless with ambition. But in my later years, as my thoughts turn to the end of my life, as they must, I know I have received from Him, through the fire of time, a deeper sense of His power, a glimmer of the gentle way He molds a soul. I have felt the touch of His sure hand in human friendships and in the eternal beauty of nature.

Whenever one hears the song of a bird, the turning of leaves, the moving of waters, the silence of mountains, there is God. In the agony of doubt, in the peace of mind, in the turmoil of life and in the peace of soul; in all of these there is God.

My life has proved to me that God is everywhere. And I know now that the heart is ever restless, until it rests in God.



### *Where There's Life, There's Hope*

ST. MARK'S rectory was called first thing after the accident at the street corner. A man had been thrown ten feet out of his car and lay either dead or unconscious on the icy street. St. Mark's pastor was there a minute after the accident, blessed oils ready, and close on his heels were his three inquisitive assistants.

"If you can hear me, make a sign," the priest shouted into the man's ear. "Are you a Catholic?" There was no answer.

Again the priest shouted. "Are you a Catholic?" There was action this time. The body sat up, stared thoughtfully at his black-frocked inquisitors, and mumbled sorrowfully, "No." Then he gave an encouraging smile, "But my girl friend is."

*Mrs. J. K. O'Hara.*

# George Meany:

## *AFL's Fighting Plumber*

*His is a strong voice for labor,  
Americanism, and the encyclicals*

By NAT DAMIEN

**G**EORGE MEANY, new president of the American Federation of Labor, is a husky, 220-pound former Bronx plumber who has faced up to and bested John L. Lewis. He was one of the few who, back in 1945, saw through and warned against Joseph Stalin. He is wary today about Marshal Tito. And, though he supported Adlai Stevenson for President, he is co-operating fully with Dwight Eisenhower.

George Meany represents more than 8 million organized American workers, one of the largest segments of the population. Such a person has in consequence considerable influence on national and international policy and action.

Principle dominates Meany, a Catholic, just as it did his predecessor, William Green. Green, a Baptist, several times acknowledged that he was influenced by the social

encyclicals of Leo XIII, Pius XI, and Pius XII, and his whole life was motivated by the cause of working men and women.

It wasn't until Meany took on

Lewis, president of the United Mine-workers, six years ago, that correspondents and the public generally heard about the Bronx plumber. The issue was the anti-communist affidavit requirement in the Taft-Hartley act. The scene was the Civic auditorium in San Francisco, where the 66th annual AFL



convention was held in October, 1947.

Green had introduced an executive-council report recommending that AFL officers sign the affidavits so that the federal unions could qualify under the law. Lewis sat with the Mineworkers' delegation in the rear of the large hall. After Green had introduced the resolu-

tion, Lewis rose to his feet. He was recognized.

Then occurred one of the most dramatic scenes I have ever seen in a convention. Lewis had only recently returned to the AFL from the CIO, and most of the delegates, anxious to keep the obstreperous Lewis in the fold, wanted to placate him. Most looked upon him with awe, and some with fear. And Lewis, never one to shun the limelight, knew that everyone waited to hear what he would say about the controversial labor law.

He moved slowly from his position. He strode up the center aisle. He pulled his huge black eyebrows into a massive scowl. He clenched his fists.

As the bulky man passed by the hushed audience, a buzzing arose behind him. It increased in volume as he moved forward. No actor ever made a more studied or longer entrance. Lewis did not hurry a single step. He moved from the center aisle across the front of the hall to the side steps to the platform. He mounted them, paraded the rostrum, and then with hands gripping the sides of the podium, he stood for a long moment, silent and menacing.

Then he began. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out thy corn," he said. He paused. Then he plunged on. The speech was in the Lewis tradition. It was rich with literary references, delivered in strong resonance, some-

times as low as a whisper, at other times roaring like a storm.

Lewis argued that the AFL should not recognize the Taft-Hartley act in any of its provisions, and that instead of signing the anti-communist affidavits, it should make an issue of them. He said that the AFL, in agreeing to sign, was groveling before the Congress. Lewis was insulting. The AFL, he said, had no head—"just a neck, over which the hair has grown." If the convention passed the resolution, said Lewis, he'd have none of it. He'd resign.

When Lewis had finished, he went back to his far seat as slowly as he had left it. The convention was stunned. Many were uncertain what to do. They respected the decision of the council, but they didn't want to lose Lewis and the 600,000 workers he represented.

Meany chewed on his cigar, and grunted. A few minutes later, he was recognized by Green.

"Mr. Chairman and delegates," said Meany, "I think we have before us a very practical problem. I don't think we are going to solve it by impugning the integrity of men who feel they can best represent their membership by complying with the law of the land."

The speech was in sharp contrast to that made by Lewis. Meany was not oratorical. He was a plumber talking sense.

"One of the democratic processes in the U.S. is the enactment of

legislation by representatives of the people," he said. "Whether you like it or not, the fact remains that they counted the votes in Washington, and the Taft-Hartley law is on the statute books.

"No one in this room thinks it is a good law," he said. "We know it is a bad law, but it was placed on the statute books under the American democratic system, and the only way it is going to be changed is by our representatives under that system.

"Refusing to sign the anti-communist affidavits," said Meany, "would not make the law unoperative. And to take up that item alone would be to pull communist chestnuts out of the fire." He would not do that. He would not use the federal unions as shock troops in fighting the act. That was not courage. That would be desertion of a million members of the federation. He would vote for the report of the committee.

And "whatever action the AFL takes on this question, this delegate," Meany declared, "will go along. He won't pick up his bat and ball and go home."

The relieved convention cheered. The Meany argument decided the issue. He had called the convention back to its senses. Lewis was routed by a more than two-thirds majority.

The argument against the communist-front organization, the World Trade Union congress, was

### *They Got In*

MEANY is no gymnasium fighter in the civil-rights field. When A. Philip Randolph and Milton P. Webster, officers of the all-Negro Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, were barred from the Houston hotel in which the AFL was holding its 1949 convention, Meany marched into the lobby with Randolph on one arm and Webster on the other.

"Either they get in or we all get out," Meany told the manager.

A. H. Raskin in the *New York Times* (21 Dec. '52).

made two years before the John L. Lewis incident, but Meany was not then recognized in his own right. Meany was accepted not as a power in, but as a voice of the AFL when in September, 1945, he talked to the British Trades Union congress at Blackpool, England.

Earlier in the year, before the end of the war, the AFL, through its executive council, had refused to take part in what Meany termed "this so-called organization of labor." At the time, just before and immediately after the 2nd World War, almost every public person in the western democracies was anxious to continue the Russian war-time alliance into the peace. Every public statement assumed good motives for every Russian action. The few who dared to be critical were roundly attacked. The

AFL was called reactionary and isolationist.

Meany was just the man to face up to such a storm. He could see through sham. He stood on principle. He could see no reason why pseudo trade unions, such as in Russia, should be included in an organization of free trade unions.

"We do not recognize nor concede that the Russian worker groups are trade unions," he said. "The Soviet worker groups are formally and actually instruments of the state. They are official branches of the government and of its ruling dictatorial political party. Those so-called unions are designed to protect the interests of the Soviet state, even if this means that the interests of the workers themselves must be subordinated or injured."

Meany reminded the British trade unionists that they, like the AFL, believed in free democratic trade unions, and in human freedom and true democracy for all people. Failure to grant such freedoms in nazi Germany had been condemned, he reminded the British.

"Denial of free speech, denial of free assembly, denial of freedom of the press, the existence of a secret police, labor and concentration camps are to us just as much signs of a dictatorial tyranny now as they were in 1933," said Meany.

The wtuc was a tool by which Moscow planned to use the free workers of the world to promote

communism in all the free world, and destroy that freedom.

"We will not," said Meany, "co-operate in the creation of a world superstate of labor designed to influence the economic and political affairs of all the nations of the world."

The British did not heed Meany. The CIO, the French and Dutch unions also ignored him, and it was not until four years later, in the 1949 meeting of what was then called the World Federation of Trade Unions, that they acknowledged the rightness of his judgment, and walked out and joined with the AFL in forming the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, as a means of building up a constructive alternative to communism in all nations.

Two years later, Meany went to Brussels, as an AFL representative to executive committee sessions of the icftu. He found himself again fighting almost alone. He was disgusted with what he called "softness in the fight against communism in Europe." He blamed France and Italy for still having their largest unions in communist hands.

The French government, which gave authority in the most important agencies of the industrial economy of the nation to the communist CGT, and French and Italian businessmen, who recognized and dealt with communist unions, were called cowardly weaklings. Britain was attacked.

"Britain can no more stand aloof from continental Europe than the U.S.," declared Meany. He said that one of the most discouraging factors in Europe was British refusal to go along with the Schuman plan for integrating the coal and iron resources of western Europe and thus removing them as war potential, and Britain's standing off also from plans for a European army.

Meany went after the ICFU leadership. J. H. Oldenbroek, the secretary-general, was said to have gone beyond the functions of his office and played the British game. Socialism was being promoted in the European trade unions.

An instance was in the proposal to admit a small Socialist trade union, the *Unione Italiane del Lavoro*, into the ICFU. Meany said the ICFU should back only one union in Italy, the *Confederazione Italiana Sindacati Lavoratori*, CISL, which was far the larger of the non-communist Italian labor federations. Meany argued, but lost 9 to 5. He fought against admission of an Australian labor federation which he said was 60% communist, and for recognition instead of the non-communist Australian Workers union.

The big battle at Brussels was over a proposal to admit communist Yugoslavia to the ICFU. The former Bronx plumber insisted that Tito's Yugoslavia had no right to be in the organization. Yugoslavia

does not have free trade unions, but "state-controlled organizations like those in Russia, Spain, and other totalitarian countries." Before Tito gets any support from free trade unionists, Meany declared, he must "liberate the trade unionists imprisoned in his country and lift the dictatorship of the Yugoslav Communist party." To admit Yugoslavia would be to undermine the world body, and prevent the rise of really independent Yugoslav workers.

An ICFU proposal to establish labor schools was used as the means of expressing AFL disapproval of other ICFU actions. The British offered \$360,000 as a contribution to the cause. The CIO followed with \$100,000. Other members voted to extend support with their share.

Meany refused to commit the AFL. The AFL would continue to pay the per capita tax of \$70,000 a year, but it was not acting on the educational fund. The AFL executive council backed Meany. On Feb. 2, 1952, the council decided "to defer action until its next meeting." Some months later, at Boston, the council took another slap at the ICFU: the AFL would not attend the ICFU world conference in Berlin, July 1-6.

Meany won. At the July meeting, the ICFU attacked the Yugoslav government because it did "not dare give the people free and secret elections," because of govern-

ment control of religion, forced labor, and a state-controlled labor federation which gave the workers no right to organize, strike, or bargain collectively. The ICFWU was repentant, the AFL was forgiving; the ICFWU was invited to hold its December, 1952, executive committee session in New York City. Meany, in offering resolutions on Czechoslovakia, Tunisia, and other matters, dominated the meetings.

Meany has been consistent. He declares against unions promoting any kind of ideology, whether it is communist, socialist, or any other kind. He opposes trade-union alliance with any political party. He does not favor a labor party, whether in the U.S. or abroad. That in Britain is a fact, and has to be faced, but Meany does not want to see others rise in France, Italy, or the U.S.

Here, the AFL supports members of both major parties. Meany told the National Press club in Washington, "I expect to work in every possible way with the new Republican administration, to do everything that I can to help the general carry out his job of keeping this country safe and secure, and keeping peace in the world."

Meany will speak his mind directly if he believes it necessary. President Eisenhower will realize that just as President Truman learned it in April, 1951. Labor had then withdrawn from the United Labor Policy committee because

the administration had stripped union officials of any real voice in the conduct of the preparedness program. The President called the AFL and CIO leaders to the White House, Meany, Green, Philip Murray, and Walter Reuther of the CIO, and others. He assured them that he was labor's friend, and that all difficulties would be ironed out. Most of the members of the delegation murmured polite assent, but not Meany.

"That won't do," he said. He then went over in detail the incidents that had made labor feel that it had got the run-around, and he insisted that a specific understanding be worked out. Otherwise the boycott was still on. The President listened, agreed, and everything was spelled out.

On the way from the President's office, one CIO man, who is usually pretty blunt himself, turned to an AFL associate and remarked, "I never heard anyone speak up to the President of the U.S. like that. That Meany sure has guts."

Meany has guts. The press reported racketeering in several AFL unions. Meany set up a committee, investigated, and the convention revoked the charters of those Meany called "strangers." A shocking story of water-front gangsters in the AFL International Longshoremens' association was disclosed by a New York grand jury just as Meany took office. The AFL constitution gives only the national convention

the power to revoke a charter, but Meany has been alarmed by what he called "a case of gangsters using the union," and he began an immediate study of the facts to see how he and the AFL could act.

Meany had 12 years training for his post, while he was secretary-treasurer of the AFL. In the five years before that, while president of the New York State Federation of Labor, he had other preliminary training. In fact, Meany's whole life has been background for his new post. He came up the hard way. He was a plumber, and the son of a plumber.

He lived in modest circumstances in an old-fashioned Catholic family. His education was meager, only through high school, but he is always learning. He still pronounces a few words like *strength* as if there were no *g* in the word. Another Bronx habit that he's now trying to break is saying "He done it," when he means "He did it." Meany has made remarkable progress in his speech habits. The Bronx twang now comes back only when Meany, in a convention, has to raise his voice to quiet the noisy.

Meany works hard and late, dictates rapidly, and disdains small talk during a busy day. He is always smoking or chewing on a cigar, with which he jabs to punctuate a point. Whenever he gets time off from the busy schedule of

office work, speeches, radio and television interviews, conferences, and a regular program of press conferences, Meany runs out for a game of golf. The course is near his three wooded acres in Bethesda, Md., where he likes to sit down with Mrs. Meany and the two daughters still at home. The eldest was recently married, and is expecting her first child this summer. Meany enjoys an occasional Scotch and soda, a game of poker or gin rummy, and a prize fight more than an opera.

But most of all George Meany likes his new job, and the opportunity it gives him to serve working men and women and democracy all over the world.

"This is a challenging time," says Meany. "Free labor is the bulwark of democracy. Once organized labor is captured or destroyed, the march to dictatorship is unimpeded.

"Hitler and Mussolini, and all those who imitate them on this side of the Atlantic and elsewhere, have always begun by liquidating trade unions and their leaders, or by making them captive puppets. After that, the other freedoms, of the press, assembly, the secret ballot, political organization, and religion are struck down. To assure democracy, we must strengthen its instruments, and the primary guarantee is free trade unions."





# Prosperity Comes to Topolobampo

*It took no outright aid to give the  
Mexicans a \$15 million-a-year industry*

By J. CAMPBELL BRUCE

**F**OR CENTURIES, the hamlets hugging the California coast drowed in Mexican cartoon style. Natives eked out a spare living by fishing the shallow bays, though fabulous riches swam deep in the gulf. And then, just a dozen years ago, the villages exploded with activity. A booming industry lifted them out of scarcity into \$15-million-a-year prosperity.

Mexican government largesse? Not a peso. Marshall plan millions? Not a dime. American private enterprise did it, spurred by a visionary San Diego importer, Lucian K. Small.

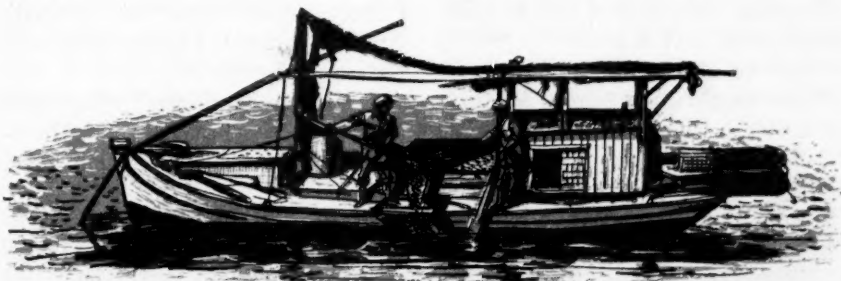
Small's magic wand was the jumbo shrimp of your luncheon salad. From early times native fishermen had caught young shrimp, feeding inshore, by nets cast from

canoes, but they knew nothing about trawling for the deep-swimming big fellows.

Small had once read a prophecy by a noted naturalist. "The Gulf of California is the world's greatest fish trap, and the time will come when North Americans will learn this." And he became disturbed when Japan's two biggest fishing concerns moved into the gulf in the middle 30's, ostensibly on scientific exploration.

He dropped down to Ensenada to see his old friend, Gen. Abelardo L. Rodriguez, the former president of Mexico. "These are Mexican fishing grounds," he protested. "Your people should be the exploiters, not the exploited."

General Rodriguez was sympathetic, but he didn't see what he



could do. He packed for a trip to Europe.

Upon his return two years later he listened grimly as Small explained what had happened while he was gone. The Japanese, setting up a powerful lobby in Mexico City, had obtained exclusive rights to take "specimens" from the gulf.

They promised that they would teach the Mexicans shrimp fishing, freezing, and marketing; register their craft under the Mexican flag; and allow *cooperativas*, government-sponsored labor groups, to take over eventually. But the Japanese taught the Mexicans nothing, and employed only a few Mexicans on their refrigeration ships, to clean shrimp, for a pittance. They bought the meager catches of the native inshore fishermen, but at ridiculously low prices. They took 80% of their haul to Japan, where the shrimp, called "heavenly food," brought a lucrative \$1 a pound. The rest they dumped on the California markets at a cut-rate 15¢ a pound, to get U. S. dollars for supplies and repairs. There was a wry saying around Guaymas. To buy Guaymas shrimp, you had to place your order in Tokyo.

"It's an outrage," Small stormed. "This should be a purely Mexican industry."

General Rodriguez was skeptical. "Can you dispose of the output? The Japanese say there is no market for shrimp in the U. S."

"Poppycock," said Small. "The

U. S. will take all the shrimp the gulf can produce."

"But the Japanese also say shore freezer plants won't work," the general persisted.

"Propaganda," Small said. "Shore plants will work." He had earlier suggested that freezer plants be established in the coastal villages, to which fishermen would bring their catches packed in crushed ice.

Another two years dragged by without action. By then Small had a supporting argument: the Japanese were using their monopoly for espionage. The skippers of the trawlers were actually officers in the Japanese navy.

General Rodriguez bristled at this, but too late. President Cardenas was ready to announce renewal of the four-year Japanese concession. The general flew to Mexico City and laid the Small-inspired plan before the president.

"Impossible," said Cardenas, citing the Japanese propaganda. "It will be a losing venture. The Japanese will take away their fishing fleet, and that will be a disaster."

"I will assemble a fleet and build freezer plants," said the general; "and I guarantee a better livelihood for our fishermen."

President Cardenas reluctantly agreed to let the Japanese concession lapse on its expiration date, June, 1940.

A few days later, General Rodriguez strode into Small's San Diego office, pushed his hat back, and

grinned. "*Gracias, amigo.* Mexico's in the shrimp business. Let's get going!"

He gave Small a blank check, and Small sent a buyer scouting for a fleet. But there wasn't a suitable boat for sale in San Diego, and none in San Pedro, nor in Monterey, nor San Francisco. With sinking heart, the scout traveled up the West Coast, port after port. Finally, in Puget Sound, he located nine trawlers.

Then Small rounded up American know-how: modern freezer-plant designs, and building materials, and the construction men to fit the pieces together; also plant equipment, and refrigeration engineers to teach sharp freezing to the Mexicans.

The first shore plant went in at Guaymas, then a second, the world's largest, at Topolobampo, a huddle of huts on a bay 300 miles down the coast.

The industry, in eager Mexican hands, flourished from the start. Soon reefer cars of frozen prawns were rolling north to the Arizona border. The nine tired Puget Sound boats were soon replaced by a fleet of modern trawlers. Other companies jumped in, with more shore plants, more fleets.

General Rodriguez, a millionaire idolized for his social awareness, capitalized his fleet so that the *cooperativas* could gradually assume control. But he kept his interest in the shore plants, to put his enlight-

ened social ideas into effect there.

Take the village of Topolobampo. Mountains isolated it in the rainy season from the cathedral city of Los Mochis, less than 20 miles away. In the dry months a motor trip over the rutty road was a three-hour battle. There was an ancient rail line to Los Mochis, the *Kansas City, Mexico, and Oriente*, relic of a Utopian fiasco of the 1880's. Its rails had long gathered rust. No church steeple rose above the huts in Topolobampo, and sea winds moaned through chinks in the one-room adobe school.

The villagers' only cultural outlet was the plaintive song of the guitar; their only physical nourishment an unvaried diet of corn, *frijoles*, and fish. Poverty was an accepted part of life, like breathing. There was no doctor in the village; child mortality ran high.

Then came Lucian Small's gift of American enterprise, and General Rodriguez' idealism. Topolobampo was shaken out of its age-old lethargy.

The big freezer plant, a cannery, and a boat works were built at the foot of a rocky hill. Jobs exceeded takers, and newcomers flocked into town. The population skyrocketed from a few hundred to more than 6,000, and 1,500 were employed by the Rodriguez firm, *Pesquera de Topolobampo*. That meant a building boom. The company granted loans to workers for attractive new homes with elec-

tricity and radio antennas. It built a modern school on the hilltop; it set up a fine dispensary with resident physician and nurse; and it instituted a health program that sharply reduced infant mortality.

Stores went up, and a hotel; even a movie theater. Topolobampo organized a baseball team, as did other villages, and a coast league was born. The mountain road was improved, cutting the Los Mochis trip to an easy half hour. Regular bus service now takes shoppers to the city marts and students to the city high school. A company loan revived the bankrupt K. C., M. & O. The rails glistened again as the old locomotive hauled in equipment and took out frozen shrimp, last year, 130 carloads.

Fishermen prospered, and their diet underwent a radical change. Besides the traditional *frijoles* and *tortillas*, the galleys were now stocked with meat, eggs, canned fruit and juices, vegetables, bread, and even butter.

General Rodriguez had thought for his people's spiritual needs, too. On the crown of the high hill he erected a beautiful church, topped by a huge cross. The cross revolves, and is illuminated at night, a beacon of faith to fishermen on the dark sea.

What in 1940 seemed at best a doubtful venture has mushroomed into an industry worth millions in trawlers, plants, and equipment. American technical experts taught

the Mexicans so well that last year shrimp production reached 24 million pounds, a sixth of U.S. consumption. (In the best Japanese year, 1939, the catch ran to less than 4 million pounds.) More than 500 trawlers now rake the gulf to feed 20 odd freezer plants, eight in booming Guaymas.

A percentage of profits goes into research for conservation. Thus the fisherman learned about the crustacean that has brought him a rich new life. He found that the Gulf of California is happily blessed as shrimp grounds, an ideal sea bottom of soft mud layered over sand, lush fields of seaweed, teeming plankton, a weak current, an even water temperature.

Fishermen locate schools with "try nets," cone shaped nets pulled between two boats. Then the trawlers go into action, with a huge mesh dragnet that rolls along the bottom on wheels. They usually operate in ten fathoms, but often at 25 fathoms, where the jumbos attain an amazing size of eight to the pound. (Louisiana's biggest run 20 to the pound.)

Lucian Small, whose vision brought this remote region into the fold of modern civilization, has not a single peso invested below the border, but he plays a key role as the industry's principal U.S. distributor. As a law graduate he knows all about written contracts, but he prefers to deal with the Mexicans on a basis of mutual trust.

General Rodriguez once testified for Small in a tax-refund case, revealing that they had always relied "entirely upon the honor and reliability of each other." The astonished government counsel remarked, "Isn't that unusual in big business?" The general retorted, "I've dealt with Mr. Small for 20 years and we're still good friends."

Mexican processors ship to Small's San Diego firm, Marine Products Co., their entire output without a billing. Small remits the current market value, minus a fair profit. If the market is down, so is the check; if it goes up, so does the remittance.

Recently an abalone canner of Lower California sent along a note with a shipment. He had given his divers a pay raise, so if possible, could he please get 25¢ more a case?

Small called up his San Francisco exporters. "How's the Hong Kong market?"

"Fine."

Small said, "Will it stand a hike of 50¢ a case?"

The reply, "We'll try."

Small then phoned the abalone

canner. "Good news for you, Pancho. The market's up, 50¢ a case!"

A glowing example of Small's scrupulous honesty occurred during the 2nd World War when the OPA ceiling went off shrimp, and the price shot up. His firm had a large inventory and reaped an extra \$86,000 profit. Small called in his executives. "Boys, we cleaned up plenty. But we didn't catch that shrimp, and we didn't process it. So by rights that money doesn't belong to us."

Checks totaling \$86,000 went out to the Mexican firms that had shipped the shrimp. Small waves aside praise. "Honesty is good business. It builds respect."

It does more. A San Diego banker sized up Small's contribution to better trade relations with our neighbors to the south, "Mexico has long been suspicious of *Yanqui* enterprise below the border. Lucian Small is fast dissolving that suspicion."

The city of Guaymas at a civic fiesta not long ago awarded this San Diego importer a gold medal inscribed: "Lucian K. Small—Favorite Son of Guaymas."



### *Be Half-Safe*

**W**HEN a woman asked St. Francis de Sales if it was a sin to use rouge, he replied, "Some theologians say so; others think it is a harmless practice."

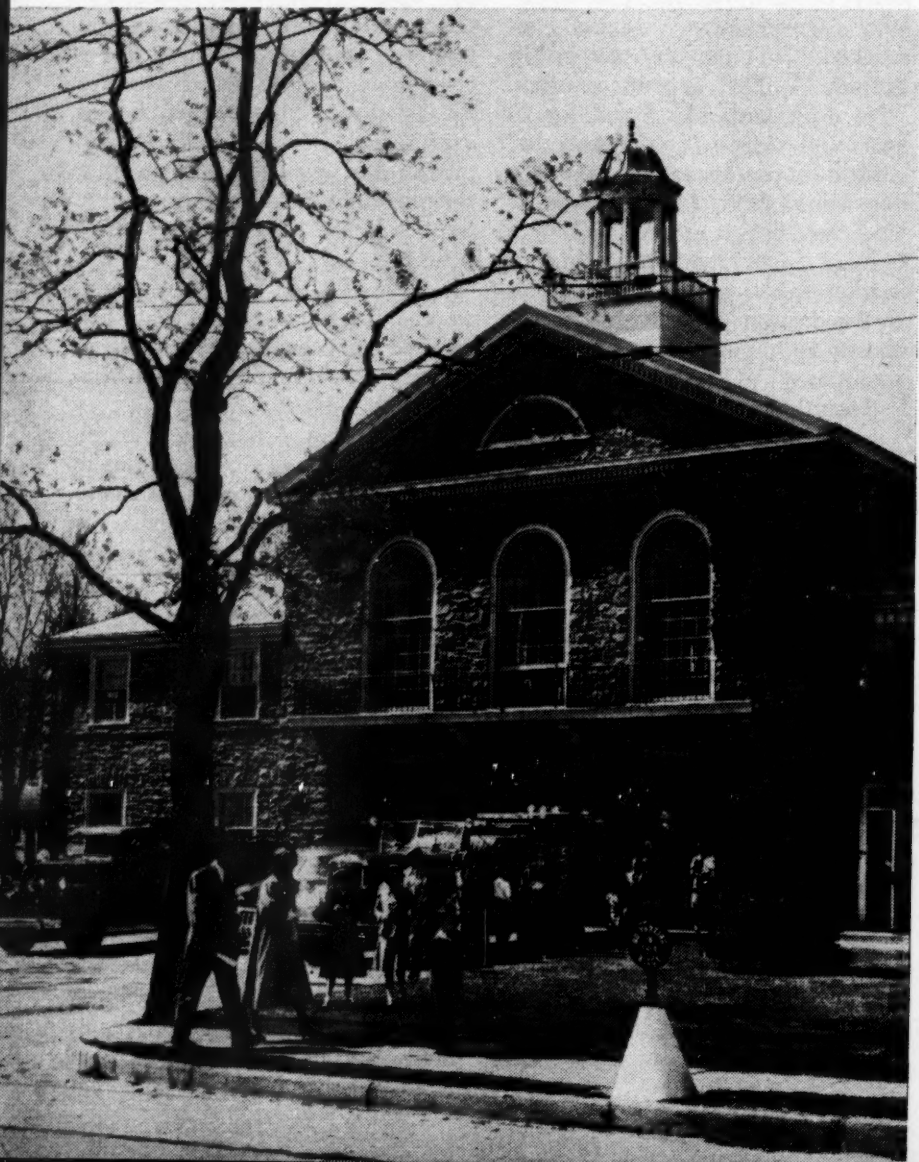
"But," she gushed. "What do you advise me to do?"

"Why not follow a middle course," Francis told her, "and rouge only one cheek?"

Mary Whiteford in the *Magnificat* (June '52).

# *Altar in a Firehouse*

While a new church was being built, members of Sts. John and Paul parish, Larchmont, N. Y., attended Mass in a firehouse



**T**HE LARGE NUMBER of converts to Catholicism each year, population growth, and the trend toward suburban living have created problems for hundreds of busy pastors and their flocks. Urgent building programs have been thrust upon many expanding congregations.

Just how they bridge the gap between their present crowded conditions and completion of the new church is sometimes unexpectedly amusing. Parish Masses are cele-

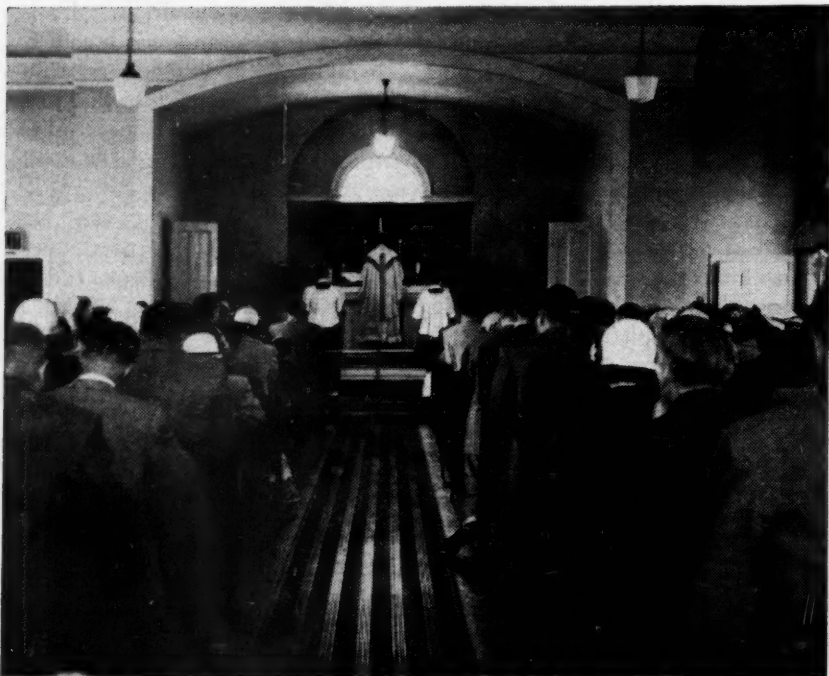
brated in the open air, in schools, barns, theaters, and candy stores.

Among these on-the-spot solutions, that of the parish of Sts. John and Paul stands out. The congregation heard Mass regularly for 33 months in a firehouse.

A year after the parish was established, its 1,400 parishioners could no longer crowd into the remodeled stable which served as their church. So Msgr. John J. Flynn, the pastor, and Father Thomas J. McGovern, his assistant,



Parishioners use three entrances to the second-floor auditorium. This is the rear staircase.



The auditorium on the second floor has excellent cross-ventilation and plenty of sunshine.

walked across the street on Sundays and holydays to celebrate Mass in the Weaver St. firehouse.

Fortunately, the firehouse, a beautiful fieldstone building, boasts a large, sunny auditorium on the second floor, with several exits. Parish small fry were delighted with this arrangement, and the number of latecomers diminished perceptibly. Most of the younger set arrived well in advance of Mass time to inspect the hook and ladder, and discuss the thrills of fire fighting with the friendly men on duty.

Meanwhile, the parish building committee put on a three-month drive which realized \$210,000. And workmen began excavation for the new church. During the time that Mass was celebrated in the firehouse the solemn quiet was disturbed only three times by a siren.

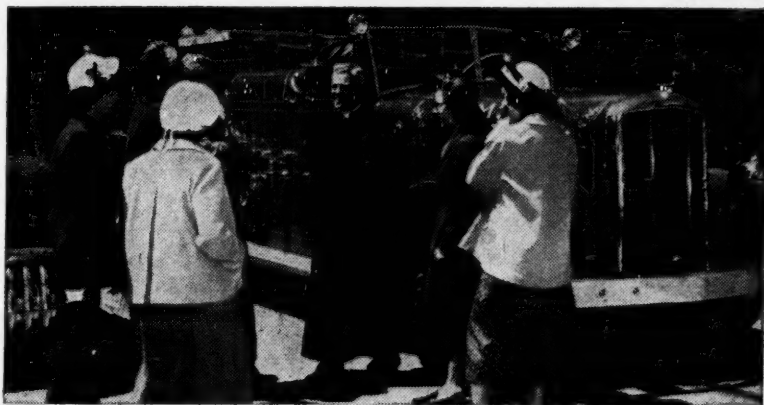
Now that his parish has moved to the new church, Monsignor Flynn has found time to visit Rome. He returned a few weeks ago with his classmate, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles.





Altar boys relax alongside a hook-and-ladder truck between Masses.

Msgr. Flynn chats with parishioners after Mass.





Ann, Peter and Jane Carroll inspect one of the bright red engines.

# Honey Guide

Men learn about the bees from the bird

By EDGAR MONSANTO QUEENY

Condensed from *Natural History*\*



**I**N British East Africa lies a vast area almost unmarked by human hands. This great animal kingdom is not preserved by fences. The tsetse fly is its very effective guardian. By biting any interloping horses or native cattle, it deals them slow and certain death.

Some species of tsetse carry the sleeping-sickness germ. Hence, neither white men nor the Masai, who with their vast herds roam the borders of the tsetse's domain, venture to live within it.

There are exceptions—the Wandorobo tribe. The Wandorobo are a subtribe of the colorful Masai, East Africa's nomadic lion-spearing tribe who scorn the white man's way of life. The Wandorobo have no cattle, no permanent huts. They are nomads who survive only through their intimate knowledge of nature. They know which fruits and roots are poisonous and which are edible. With poisoned arrows, they shoot topi, waterbuck, zebra, and eland, whose meat they roast on fires

made by twirling a stick. The Wandorobo sleep wherever their day's journeys have carried them, making fires and surrounding themselves with thornbush fences to ward off hyenas, leopards, and lions.

Wandorobo clothing consists of goat or antelope skins fastened over one shoulder, beneath which may be a cloth usually the color of burnt sienna. Skin sandals protect their feet. They carry a long wicked knife, strapped to the left arm. When walking, they carry a bow, usually held upright in the left hand. Each keeps a quiver containing poisoned arrows and fire sticks slung over the right shoulder. They use a small skin pouch as a honey bag.

Wild honey is a staple in the Wandorobo's diet and his only sweet. It is secured through a unique and ancient association that the people have established with a bird. This bird actually leads the natives to trees containing honeycombs. After the natives have split open the tree trunk and taken the

\*79th St. at Central Park West, New York City 24. November, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by the American Museum of Natural History.

honey, the bird feeds on the remaining wax and grubs.

This bird is the greater honey guide, scientifically called *Indicator indicator*. It is a brownish-gray bird, whitish on the breast, a trifle smaller than our robin. The male is distinguished by his blackish throat and pink bill. The female's throat is colored like her breast, and her bill is often ashy black. Both have white outer tail feathers, conspicuous in flight. They have the cuckoo-like habit of depositing their eggs in other birds' nests, usually intruding on woodpeckers, barbets, or bee eaters. Nature protects them from bees by an unusually thick, tough skin.

We camped with Major Temple-Borcham, game warden of part of the tsetse's domain, on the beautiful Mara river. The river's park-like banks hid armored crocodiles. Wild fig trees which grew there were the haunts of noisy baboons. The earth around tawny pools was heavily printed by innumerable hoofs.

Three Wandorobo came to our camp with one of Major Temple-Borcham's Masai scouts. For our cameras, the Wandorobo built thornbush blinds, and poisoned arrows with an extract of the twigs of the small olive-like *acocanthera* tree.

When a poisoned arrow pierces any animal, even an elephant, it dies within 20 minutes. After shooting an animal, the Wandorobo wait

the allotted time and then either follow the spoor or scan the sky, knowing that wherever vultures gather, their quarry has died. The poison, which enters the blood stream, does not taint the meat; all is edible except the part within six inches or so of the wound.

One morning we heard the chatter of a honey guide. Our three Wandorobos whistled a response. The bird was located in a near-by thorn tree. Seeing that the Wandorobo had spotted her, she flew to another tree, chattering excitedly. The Wandorobo answered with low, musical whistling. On she flew from tree to tree, chattering from each perch as the men followed. After a quarter of an hour, she lit on the forking branch of an ekebergia, a hardwood. Her chatter climbed several decibels. A few feet below her we spied an old scarred knothole. Bees were streaming through this hole.

Quickly the Wandorobo glued their ears to the trunk. The buzzing within fixed the location of the hive. Then they smoked out the bees, and chopped a hole. As they worked, myriads of resentful bees boiled out of the knothole, and despite the smoking torches, stung the men repeatedly. Wandorobo skin, however, appeared almost immune.

When the hive was reached, the Wandorobo quickly divided the golden honey and placed offerings for the bird. She immediately

claimed her reward. Soon she was joined by a male. Both fed upon the wax and grubs.

At one time this unique partnership between man and bird prevailed over the greater part of Africa. It was, for instance, an essential activity in the lives of the Kikuyu, who live near Nairobi. But wherever white man encroaches, money is introduced and becomes integrated with the native economy. The natives then earn wages and learn to sell their ivory, skins, hides, and crops for money. Thus is inaugurated the white man's "division of labor." Stores spring up, and the natives buy their sweets from Indian merchants instead of getting them from nature.

That is why, near Nairobi and wherever white man's ways have become established, *Indicator indicator* finds fewer and fewer natives who will respond to its call. Gen-

### *Bees in His Boudoir*

HENRY LAWRENCE of Ballymena, Ireland, has a beehive in his bedroom. He installed the hive two years ago, and now has a colony of 25,000 bees in winter and upwards of 70,000 in summer. This year he collected 35 pounds of honey. Mr. Lawrence's experience proves that you can successfully keep bees in the heart of town: it isn't necessary to associate beekeeping with gardening.

Associated Press (23 Nov. '52).

erations of cooperation have come to an end and the unique partnership has withered away. But the tsetse fly, by warding off whites and pastoral natives from British East Africa's hinterland, has preserved this area's own unique and primitive order.



## *Flights of Fancy*

A village where time was always Sunday.—*Raymond Playfoot.*

Wrinkle: the nick of time.—*Mary C. Dorsey.*

As honest as homemade bread.—*Orville Prescott.*

The rainbow threw its jeweled arm around the world.—*Wm. Henry Davis.*

A mind like a memo pad.—*Donald J. Costello.*

Deep-set lakes full of mountain sky.—*Edison Marshall.*

Fingers of lightning scratched the sky.—*Anthony Omer Kelly.*

The little girl emerged starched and ironed for action.—*Celestine Sibley.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

# A \$4-Million Gift

*James Picker feels that he is fortunate to be able to repay the government*

By A. E. HOTCHNER

Condensed from *This Week*\*

**J**AMES PICKER has voluntarily given the government \$4 million over the last 10 years. Not in taxes, but as contributions.

I asked Mr. Picker Why? He said, "When a country has given a man as much as the U. S. has given me, he is grateful if an opportunity presents itself for repaying some of the debt."

Naïve patriotism? Perhaps. But if you heard James Picker say it as I did, you wouldn't scoff. He is a sincere, intense man who has always shied from publicity. It was with the utmost difficulty that I was able to persuade him to let me tell this story for the first time.

His is the story of an immigrant boy who worked his way to the top and who had a unique chance to show his deep devotion to America. That chance came shortly after the start of the 2nd World War, when one of our biggest medical needs was a mobile X-ray unit that could be set up close to the front lines. The army knew that thousands of lives could be saved by such a device. Working at its own expense, in competition with other

big manufacturers, the Picker X-Ray Corp., one of the country's largest firms of its kind, designed the only X-ray unit that met the army's requirements. For the duration of the war Picker produced all of the thousands of units the armed forces needed.

Then, early in 1942, the treasurer of the U. S. received a letter that must have truly startled him. For it contained a check for \$1 million, along with an explanation. "In 1942," James Picker wrote, "our normal output of equipment will probably be more than tripled by army business, without proportionate increase in overhead. We believe that the resulting margin of profit is going to be greater than we care to retain. It is our intention to close the year with approximately the same margin of profit as that realized in 1940, when our business with the government was very small, compared to its present volume."

Picker added, "Our reasons for this action are obvious. First, we consider it a patriotic duty to make these funds immediately available

\*420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Nov. 30, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by United Newspaper's Magazine Corp.

to the government to accelerate the war program.

"Second, we desire to forestall any possible criticism of either army procuring officers or ourselves that we may be enjoying any special opportunity for profit because of the fact that we are the sole suppliers of army field units."

Mr. Picker said he had several more reasons he did not mention to the U. S. treasurer. He had come from Russia to the U. S. 52 years ago as an immigrant boy. He didn't have a penny; he knew no one.

But with the resourcefulness, enterprise, and hard work displayed by others before him, he built the huge corporation that bears his name.

"As a boy in Russia," Mr. Picker recalls, "the only hope I had ever known was the U. S. Russia, then as now, was a country of regulation and oppression. I could not go to high school or college. Most professions were not open to me. I couldn't join the army. Here in this country I experienced for the first time an unbelievable adventure, the adventure of equality. I could go in any direction I wished. Is it any wonder that I have never taken the freedom I found in America for granted? During my life here I discovered that no matter how much I gave of myself, I got back much more in return."

When the 2nd World War broke out, Mr. Picker's son, Harvey, served on an Atlantic combat trans-

port. And between the lines of the rather stiff and formal business letter quoted above was Picker's feeling that if his company profited from war contracts it would be like taking badly needed money away from his own son.

A year later, the X-ray company sent an additional check for \$1,237,716 to the U. S. treasurer, and all prices were reduced to eliminate any war-contract profits.

After the war, Picker turned management of his company over to his son. When the fighting began in Korea, the army again needed a new X-ray machine that would be smaller, more mobile and produce pictures in a few minutes. Picker X-Ray did not accept the usual government offer to pay for development work, and produced a unit that is the marvel of military medical science.

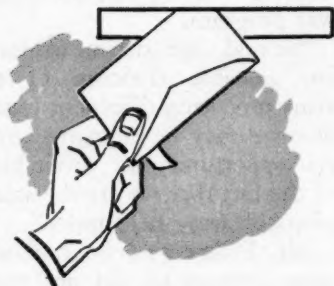
One of its outstanding features is that it has incorporated the Polaroid camera device, enabling X-ray film to be developed within a minute of exposure.

Again faced with large-scale production, Harvey Picker has continued the policy established by his father. To his refund check for \$1,637,000, which he has just sent the government, Harvey attached a brief note which sums up his family's philosophy. "We feel that the defense of this country is not a commercial venture on which one is to try to make the most dollars possible."

# Write Your Congressman

Tell him what you think and why; he needs to know to represent you adequately

Condensed from  
"The Biggest Bargain You Can Buy!"\*



**T**HE 3¢ U. S. postage stamp is the biggest bargain you can buy. Properly used, it will help make democracy work. It can make our country stronger. It will strengthen your voice in government.

You, your friends and neighbors, and millions of other citizens have elected a new President and a new Congress. You did so by voting in a free election. You went to your polling place in record numbers and cast your ballot in secret for your choice.

The job of those men, elected to office by a majority vote, is to represent your interests in government. They are your representatives. That is why our government is called a representative government.

But a congressman, or any other public official, can do a good job of representing you only if he knows what you are thinking about the important issues before him.

And he can know what you are thinking only if you tell him.

Here's where the stamp comes in. The next time you are tempted to throw up your hands in horror about something the government is or isn't doing, "use your hands instead to write a letter to your congressman." That's the advice of Congressman Javits of New York, writing in the *American Magazine*.

"Although many people seem surprised at the idea," Congressman Javits continues, "paper and pencil in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen are, by all odds, the most effective weapons we have in the war for good government."

But if you write a letter to your congressman, will he read it? He sure will! "Congressmen may miss committee meetings," former Congressman Outland says; "they may absent themselves from the floor; fail to show up for roll calls and votes. But they read their mail."

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Reporters from the staff of the Bureau of National Affairs who are assigned to cover Capitol Hill get up there early in the morning. They know that the one time they are almost certain to find any senator or representative in his office is from 8:30, when the mail is delivered, to 10 or 11, when committee meetings start.

Mr. Congressman, reading his mail, is finding out what the people in his district or his state think about taxes, tariffs, and the thousand other issues on which he will have to vote. His job depends on his mail.

Public opinion is all-important to congressmen because each two years every representative in Congress has to get your vote to stay in office. And every two years a third of the senators have to come before you for approval.

But your opinion can be effective only if it is heard. Unfortunately, public officials often do not hear it. Only you can remedy this situation. And you can do it with a 3¢ stamp.

Here are some tips, gathered from interviewing numerous public officials, on how to write your letter. Know the name of the public official to whom you are writing. If you don't know his name, call up your local newspaper. Write legibly. Tell him what you are talk-

ing about. Then tell him how you feel about it.

Don't be abusive or threatening. You know how you would respond to a scolding. Your name and address is the big stick, the reminder that here is a vote that will be cast in the next election.

Make certain that you tell your public official why you feel as you do about the subject of your letter. A thoughtful letter is bound to have much more influence than one that just says "Vote for this." We all like to be given reasons for what we are asked to do. Most public officials do not appear to be impressed by mimeographed letters or newspaper clippings in some write-your-public-official drive. Even a 2¢ post card, providing it is from *you*, will carry far more weight.

If your congressman, or some other public official, is doing a job that you like, tell him. A note of appreciation tells him that he is in good standing with you. And it serves as an incentive to continue good work. We all like a pat on the back and do a better job because of it.

Finally, remember that while your public officials from the President down want to hear from you, they are busy men. State your case fully, but be brief. Try to keep your letter to one page.

✕

*A* BACHELOR never quite gets over the idea that he is a thing of beauty and a boy forever.

*Life Today* (Feb.-Mar., '53).

# Edith Stein and the Nazis

*Jewess, philosopher, teacher, and nun, she ended her life in martyrdom for her race*

By HILDA C. GRAEF

Condensed from *Cross and Crown*\*

THE DOORS of the Carmel in the Dutch village of Echt opened. From the enclosure stepped a middle-aged nun in a brown habit. Two Gestapo officers in black uniforms awaited her. She walked with them to a car, surrounded by an excited crowd who tried in vain to protest. None of the Sisters knew where she was taken that evening of Aug. 2, 1942; no companion survived to tell of her last hours; even the name of the place where they were spent is unknown—most probably, however, it was Auschwitz.

The nun whose life ended thus was one of the most remarkable women of this age.

Edith Stein was born at Breslau on Oct. 12, 1891. Her father died when she was not quite two years old. Her mother, a capable woman,

managed his timber business so well that their wealth increased rapidly. The Steins were practicing Jews, and Frau Stein's charity to the poor was remarkable. It is thus surprising that Edith never showed much interest in her religion and soon devoted herself to pure scholarship. She was attracted to philosophy, which she studied at the famous University of Goettingen under Edmund Husserl, the founder of the so-called phenomenological school. Husserl soon recognized her genius. She became his assistant, and followed him to Freiburg. There she put Husserl's papers in order, lectured to the young students, and published some minor philosophical writings of her own.

One night, when she was left alone in the house of friends, Christians but not Catholics, she went



\*Dominican House of Studies, River Forest, Ill. December, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by B. Herder Book Co., 15-17 S. Broadway, St. Louis 2, Mo., and reprinted with permission.

to their bookshelves and picked out a volume at random. It was a life of St. Teresa of Avila. She began to read, and did not stop till she had finished it at dawn. She tells us herself that when she closed the book, "I said to myself, 'This is the truth.'"

With her characteristic sense of essentials she immediately bought two books: a catechism and a misal. She studied them until she understood the fundamentals of Catholic doctrine and worship. Then she went to Mass, and after that followed the priest to the rectory and asked to be baptized. Like the catechumens of the first centuries, she spent the night before her reception into the Church in prayer, and on New Year's day, 1922, she received the two greatest sacraments of the Church, Baptism and the Holy Eucharist.

It is hard for anyone to imagine what it means to orthodox Jews to have one of their own family leave the faith of their ancestors to become a Christian. For them it is treachery, apostasy from what they hold dearest, from what they have preserved as their most precious possession through centuries of persecution. How would Frau Stein accept this blow?

Edith felt that she could not break the news by letter; she had to go through the ordeal in person. Kneeling before her mother, she said simply, "Mother, I am a Catholic." She expected a scene, a tor-

rent of angry words. But her mother said nothing; she wept. Edith did all she could to soften the blow. Frau Stein was herself too deeply religious not to realize the spiritual force of her daughter. "I have never seen a person pray like Edith does," she said to a friend.

There arose in Edith an ardent desire for prayer and for surroundings more in keeping with it than the philosophical faculty of Freiburg university. Her deepest longing was for the Religious life; but her confessor would not hear of it. He understood, however, that the atmosphere of a secular university had become unbearable for her intense fervor. He found her a place teaching German at a Dominican school in Speyer.

Edith Stein was humble enough once more to put herself to school, with the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, one uncongenial to the modern German philosophy in which she had been nurtured. The Church regards St. Thomas as its most authoritative philosopher. In becoming a Catholic, a modern philosopher must undergo his influence. He need not necessarily submit passively, but, as in the case of Edith Stein, must wrestle with him before he can continue his own work as a philosopher. She was sufficiently independent not to be led by her new master where her own mind refused to follow.

But the eight years with the Do-

minican Sisters at Speyer were not devoted only to the study of St. Thomas. Edith Stein was a born teacher, and not only that, a spiritual guide of the highest quality.

Her pupils bear witness that she practiced what she taught. One of them wrote, "We were still very young (17), but none of us has ever forgotten the charm of her personality. Every day during Mass we saw her kneeling in her stall in the front of the choir. Then we began to realize what it means to harmonize faith and life perfectly."

This, surely, is the description of a contemplative. The young women she had to educate had guessed instinctively what was the source that fed her life. Her austerity was extreme. Despite her exhausting intellectual work, she curtailed her sleep severely and took very little food. She said the monastic breviary every day and gave a large part of her time to mental prayer.

By 1930 her reputation had increased so much that she was in constant demand as a speaker. She and her confessor felt that the time had come for her to exchange the convent school for a wider sphere of influence.

She left Speyer the next spring. After translating into the idiom of modern German philosophy St. Thomas's *Disputed Questions Concerning Truth*, she secured a post at the German Educational Institute at Münster.

Her way of life during the last years she spent "in the world" seems to have been even more austere than at Speyer. She was always the last to go to bed; she used to work till late at night; and was the first in chapel. What seems to have struck almost everyone who came into contact with her was her extreme simplicity, though she had by then achieved an international reputation as philosopher and educator.

Her quiet scholarly life was not to last long. As one after another of the anti-Jewish edicts became law, life in Germany became impossible for anyone who was "tainted" with Jewish blood. Education was one of the first departments from which non-Aryan influence was removed. All doors closed for Dr. Stein. For many years her deepest desire had been to consecrate herself to God entirely; now His providence seemed to open the doors of Carmel by making work in the world impossible.

It was certainly a very unusual postulant who crossed the threshold of the Carmel at Cologne on Oct. 15, 1933. Edith was now 42, at the height of a brilliant academic career. She had been successful in every work she had undertaken. She was at home in a world of abstract thought where few could follow her. Even now she was venerated almost as a saint by all who knew her. The great philosopher was now a "little postulant" whose

name was quite unknown to her Sisters. Her deficiency in such feminine accomplishments as needlework and housekeeping surprised her fellow nuns.

Edith herself wrote later to one of her pupils that this was a good school of humility for her. But what must have affected her perhaps even more deeply was her complete intellectual loneliness after a life of constant contacts with congenial minds.

There was, however, to be one more meeting between Edith Stein and the world. On the day of her clothing, the small convent chapel was crowded with visitors. It was an assembly such as the Carmel of Cologne had never witnessed before. Professors, literary men and women, priests, nuns, students attended. The philosopher-postulant, in her bridal dress, walked about among them exchanging a kind word with everyone. Edith Stein became Sister Teresa Benedicta of the Cross.

Her clothing was followed by a far-reaching change in the routine of her convent life. The provincial of the Carmelites ordered relief from all other work for her so that she could devote more time to philosophical studies. The result was her great work, *Finite and Eternal Being*.

In 1937, when she had finished her book, she began to feel the force of Hitler's laws again. Her Provincial allowed her to make ar-

rangements for publication of her book. But neither in Germany nor Austria, nor even in Switzerland, would any publisher risk bringing out the work of a non-Aryan. It was the first sign of the storm that was about to break.

On April 21, 1938, she made her final vows. It was also the day of the death of her revered teacher, Edmund Husserl. Shortly before, an unpleasant incident occurred, when the authorities discovered that she could not vote in the general elections on account of her Jewish descent.

In November of the same year the pogroms broke out all over Germany. It became impossible for her to stay on, not only for her own sake, but for the sake of her convent. On the last night of that year a doctor took her secretly across the frontier into Holland, where she joined the Carmelites at Echt.

In the new Carmel her novitiate almost began all over again. At first, she had to take part in all the usual Community activities, which always include a good deal of domestic and needle work. Her great zeal and her touching efforts to make herself useful could not compensate for her complete lack of aptitude in this direction. On the other hand, her asceticism in food and drink was thought excessive even in Carmel, and her prioress had to insist on moderation.

Then the nazis invaded Holland. While Sister Teresa Benedicta was

writing the final pages of her last work, *Science of the Cross*, the Gestapo prepared for her arrest. Every effort had been made to find an asylum for her in neutral Switzerland, and success seemed certain. But suddenly the situation of the Catholic Religious of Jewish origin became desperate. The Dutch bishops had condemned the anti-Jewish measures of the nazis in no uncertain terms. In reprisal, all non-Aryan Religious were interned in concentration camps.

Neither the day nor the place of her death are known with certainty, except that she was taken east. But we catch one last glimpse of her, while still in a Dutch camp. A Jewish businessman who was interned in the same camp escaped deportation. He wrote, "Among the prisoners who were brought in

on Aug. 5, Sister Benedicta stood out because of her great calm and peacefulness. The misery in the camp and the excitement among the new arrivals were indescribable. Sister Benedicta walked about among the women, comforting, helping, soothing like an angel. Many mothers, driven almost to madness, had not taken any notice of their children for days, and were brooding in listless despair. Sister Benedicta at once took care of the little ones, washed them and combed their hair, and saw to it that they were given food and were looked after."

Edith Stein, the great philosopher, the profound contemplative, tending neglected little children in a modern camp of horrors — this surely is a sublime close for a wholly extraordinary life.

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### *The Cover Painting*

"The Church in New Lands," as envisioned by Xavier Gonzalez, shows the Church spreading the arts of civilization and Christ's message in the Southwest.

We see the Franciscans scrutinizing plans for the mission edifices which they are teaching the Indians to build. An Indian chisels out a millstone, while near by is the small stone slab on which the Indians formerly ground their corn. The missionaries brought the Indians the wheel and the cart, unknown up to their coming in either North or South America. At the left some Indians still carry their burdens on their shoulders as in their older way of life.

The missioner, then as now, must know how to care for the physical as well as the spiritual ills of man. As the friar ministers to the sick man, the Indian learns the ways of God in the charity the missioner shows him.

# Newest U. S. Cardinal

By JAMES BACON

Condensed from the *Associated Press*\*

*The former office and altar boy has risen  
to a place where his talents can all be used*

IT WAS in 1915 that James Francis Aloysius McIntyre took off his natty black derby to don the black felt of the seminarian. In 16 years on Wall St., young McIntyre had risen from \$3-a-week messenger boy to successful stockbroker.

Spectacular as was his rise on the "Street," it can't match what has happened to him since. For he now has the red hat of a cardinal.

A westerner less than five years, the new cardinal is the first ever to be elevated from a see west of St. Louis. To a reporter who asked him for the most important single reason why he was made a cardinal he answered, "I guess it was just because I'm Archbishop of Los Angeles." He believes the Holy Father in reality is honoring the City of the Angels more than the archbishop.



"The recognition of the Pacific coast in the Sacred College of Cardinals brings into the focus of the world the deeply religious and American spirit of California," he added.

California is probably the most Catholic in origin of the 48 states. It was colonized by Junipero Serra, the padre of the missions. Many of its cities are named after saints.

The full name of Los Angeles translated from Spanish is "City of Our Lady, Queen of the Angels of Portiuncula."

As first Cardinal of Los Angeles, the prelate will find his duties—which are staggering — unchanged. Probably no prince of the Church in modern history has coped with more growing pains in an archdiocese than has Cardinal McIntyre. When he was en-

\*Los Angeles, Calif. Jan. 11, 1953. Copyright, 1953, by the Associated Press, New York City.

throned early in 1948 as the second Archbishop of Los Angeles, the Catholic population of the four-county archdiocese was 625,000. That figure reflected the postwar surge of population into the Los Angeles area. The 1953 figure is just short of a million and is still growing fast.

Plans for a new cathedral on Wilshire Blvd. were shelved by the new archbishop. Within a year of his arrival, millions were raised for an education fund.

In a few weeks, carpenters' saws were buzzing and steel girders were swinging into place for the first of the 82 new elementary and high schools constructed since the McIntyre arrival. He seems most proud of the fact that there is not a parish in the overcrowded Mexican section of East Los Angeles that does not now have its own parochial school.

"We believe that the parish church and school is one of the best methods of indoctrinating the Mexican youth with the ideals of American citizenship," he comments.

Los Angeles is second only to Mexico City in Mexican population. Approximately 25% of Cardinal McIntyre's flock is Spanish-speaking, many of them freshly arrived from below the border.

What about plans for the new cathedral? "We just fixed the old one up," he answers. "It looks pretty good now. We're waiting for the neighborhood to improve."

St. Vibiana's cathedral is in downtown Los Angeles on Main St., right in the heart of Skid Row.

Already the new cardinal is being heralded locally as "the cardinal of the schools." Until he came, California was the only state in 48 which taxed religious-sponsored, nonprofit secondary and elementary schools. Many non-Catholics, whose church schools were similarly taxed, joined in the fight to write the tax law off the statute books. The legislature almost unanimously voted to erase the tax, and Gov. Earl Warren signed the bill, making it law.

He also undoubtedly will be called "the businessman cardinal" because of the way he runs his archdiocese, as if it were a successful business organization, and because of his early background.

The 66-year-old cardinal was born on E. 28th St. in Manhattan, and spent the first 60 years of his life between 28th and 51st Sts.

His parents were Irish Catholics, and he was baptized in the neighborhood Church of St. Stephen. It was the same church where, as altar boy, he first decided he wanted to serve God as a priest. His grammar-school education was completed at Public School 70. He was a good student, particularly at arithmetic. "I think he learned sums before he learned to talk," a friend later recalled.

His mother died when he was ten. Three years later, young Mc-



Intyre went to work as a messenger for the New York Stock exchange.

The future cardinal had a set routine those days. He served Mass in the morning, worked hard all day running off his legs on errands for brokers, and then went to high school at night.

Even with such a busy schedule, he somehow had time for prayer and study. At 16, his zip as an errand boy got him a job as runner for the firm of J. L. Horton & Co. It was a better job at more pay, most of which was needed at home, where his ill father was unable to work. Meanwhile, he continued his education by night at City college and Columbia university.

As his education progressed, so did his status with the brokerage firm. Before long he advanced from runner to office manager for the firm, now merged with Fahnstock & Co.

In 1915 two things happened: his father died, making the young broker's pay check no longer needed at home; also, his firm offered him a partnership, a sure step to wealth.

He chose instead to chuck his business career to enter Cathedral college to study for the priesthood. He completed his studies at St. Joseph's seminary in Dunwoodie, New York.

The 35-year-old seminarian was ordained a priest by the late Patrick Cardinal Hayes in St. Pat-

rick's cathedral. That was in 1921.

His first assignment was as an assistant at old St. Gabriel's church on E. 37th St. It was the same parish where his father had attended school in the 1860's. There he began a devotion to the poor which has been one of his pet projects throughout his career. "The poorest of the poor," he likes to recall, "are the people who do not know God."

But the McIntyre business ability could not be hidden. Cardinal Hayes made him assistant chancellor of the huge archdiocese, a big job for a priest ordained only two years. In 1923, he moved into the cardinal's residence at 452 Madison Ave., his home for the next 25 years.

Honors and promotions came as fast in the Church as they did on Wall St. They read like this: 1934, appointed a papal chamberlain; 1934, appointed chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York; 1936, elevated to the rank of domestic prelate.

1940, consecrated titular Bishop of Cyrene and Auxiliary Bishop of New York; 1946, named Archbishop of the titular See of Paltus and Coadjutor Archbishop to Cardinal Spellman; 1948, named second Archbishop of Los Angeles.

On Nov. 28, 1952, at 2:30 A.M., an Associated Press editor got the Archbishop of Los Angeles out of bed to give him the first news that he was named a cardinal.



## How to Be Happy Though Working

*Here are six ways to find satisfaction in any job*

By G. MILTON SMITH

Condensed from

*"More Power to Your Mind"*\*

ONE out of three of the employed people in this country are dissatisfied with their jobs. This does not mean that the other two thirds are always wildly enthusiastic about theirs, but at least they are not eager to change. What makes the difference?

A common cause of dissatisfaction with one's job or associates is dissatisfaction with oneself, of poor adjustment to life in general. The emotionally unstable, the insecure, or the chronically dissatisfied person is the unhappy person. He makes his boss, those who work with him, his pay or working conditions convenient pegs on which to hang his gripes.

William Crabbe is a 32-year-old clerk in a large department store. He was given employment largely on the strength of his impressive physique and gift of gab. Within a few months, a record number of complaints, many anonymous, came from his department. The complaints covered everything from

lighting conditions to overtime pay, and everybody from the necktie clerk to the department manager. During this same period there was also a noticeable slump in sales for his department.

The boss talked to Mr. Crabbe. Crabbe admitted the anonymous complaints. A series of interviews followed. They brought to light Crabbe's tremendous need for self-justification and a consequent tendency to run down others and to ignore their rights and interests. His job called for little of his energy and superior native wit.

The boss was friendly. He gave Crabbe an increasing opportunity to assume responsibility. His new status changed Crabbe's attitude toward his job and fellow workers, and paid off in a general boost in morale and sales. In time, Crabbe came to be well liked, and was placed in charge of the department.

The case of Erik Freeman has a different slant. Freeman's problem was not too little self-respect but,

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in a sense, too much. He had an overdeveloped need for independence. He was a highly intelligent young man with personal charm and a rugged frame, and excellent training.

Thus he had no trouble at all landing good jobs, but for years he had difficulty keeping them. He had initiative, was scrupulously honest, and was popular with the other men. But he simply could not bring himself to take orders.

However, with increasing maturity and family responsibilities and a certain amount of luck in finding a patient boss, he finally stuck to one job for several years. But he still rankled under the yoke. He had to satisfy his need for independence by an exaggerated emphasis on individualistic, unrestricted sports, such as sailing, mountain climbing, camping, and skiing. He was never really satisfied with his work until he became his own boss.

A person with superior intelligence and imagination in a dull, routine job is handicapped. The monotony is likely to cause his mind to wander to higher things and his fingers to wander into the drill press.

Rough intelligence limits do exist for probable success in a number of jobs, but the limits for one job often closely approximate those for several others. Among enlisted men in the last World War mechanical engineers and accountants

had almost the same range of intelligence, up near the top. The average scores of lawyers, teachers, and stenographers were a little lower in the scale, with score ranges which differed from each other by only two or three points. Office clerks and salesmen had a nearly identical range of scores a little farther down.

Near the middle of the scale came sales clerks and labor foremen. Farm laborers and lumberjacks, with almost identical score ranges, were near the bottom of the scale.

These statements do not mean that each of these groups was sharply separate from the next. On the contrary, the range for one group overlapped the next extensively. There was even some overlapping of the highest and the lowest groups: the best scores for farm laborers and lumberjacks were higher than the worst scores for engineers and accountants. Intelligence is only one factor determining success in many vocations. Drive and interest are also important.

The six suggestions which follow apply quite generally to all jobs.

1. To get satisfaction you have to give it. We have to give satisfaction both to our employers and to ourselves. It is possible to get by temporarily by shabby devices, toadying to authority, or treading on the toes of others. But it is not possible to get real satisfaction from

our jobs if we cannot look ourselves in the eye.

We can hardly maintain our self-respect if we fail to treat others as we should like them to treat us: with common decency. Those in authority are seldom favorably impressed by kowtowing, any more than subordinates are pleased with dictatorship. No matter what the nature of the job, it will give more satisfaction if we work with a sense of responsibility and treat our associates, regardless of their status, like fellow human beings.

2. Hitch your wagon to a good strong horse. Emerson recommended a star for this purpose. Browning's Andrea del Sarto put it: "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

But we should not forget that chronic frustration may sometimes be a form of hell on earth. Since most of us cannot long live effectively in a state of poetic ecstasy, it all boils down to this: if our aspirations are pitched too low, we end up in boredom, for the job which offers no challenge can hardly arouse interest; and if our aspirations are hitched to the stars, we tempt the forces of frustration. Hence, the recommendation of "a good strong horse."

3. Embrace the inevitable. Life is full of necessary compromises. Many of us are compelled by economic necessity to continue in jobs which may not be ideal. In such cases, if we are really sure no

change is possible, little is gained by "adding water to the sea" with tears of self-pity. We might just as well whistle while we work.

It is hard to make dishwashing fun, even with perfumed soap or to the accompaniment of the most soft-soapy of soap operas. But we magnify our apathy if each time we go through a Hamlet-like routine: to do or not to do? This suggestion does not imply that right after every meal one should immediately leap toward the dishpan. There is no reason why a brief pause for relaxation should not be made a part of the routine.

4. Make room for self-expression. Many a writer and composer has had to keep his creative urge under wraps for long periods. Most of us have to do the same thing. But carrying this process too far can be dangerous. The need for self-expression must have an outlet somewhere. If it gets little satisfaction on the job, it must find it somewhere else.

That is what hobbies are for. Though work can be fun, in an age of high-pressure competition the advice to "work while you work and play while you play" makes more sense than ever before. Play, however, need not always be meaningless. Recreation is satisfying, but creative recreation is more so.

5. Be your own efficiency expert. Increased efficiency is in order whether the job be interesting or

only a chore. It is even possible that experimenting with different methods of increasing efficiency will make the chore interesting.

Nothing can outweigh the importance of interest, which is often based on some fundamental need of self or pride in doing a creditable job. But there are other factors worth experimenting with. The principal ones that may affect almost any kind of work are the length of time you work without stopping to rest, the length of the rest period, the degree of relaxation while working, and teamwork.

The importance of each of these factors is dependent on kind of work and the person who does it. It is easier to get warmed up to smooth-working efficiency in some tasks than in others. Efficiency drops off rapidly in any job when the nose has been kept too close to the emery wheel too long. Still, it would be silly to insist on taking time out to rest on purely theoretical grounds just when the machine has started to run smoothly. Short rest periods, or merely changes of job, are usually effective in reducing fatigue and tension; but if the pause is too long, the value of the warm-up period is lost.

Some jobs go better if you are moderately keyed up; others require a fair degree of relaxation; but either of these states can be too extreme for efficiency. High tension builds up fatigue rapidly, even though it is not felt at the

moment; and too much relaxation leads to sleepiness. Look into the effects of comfort and posture.

Teamwork depends both on the nature of the job and on the team. Though Gilbert and Sullivan nearly cut each other's throats when they worked together, it was worth it. Some jobs simply have to be done without collaboration. *Mona Lisa* and *The Choral Symphony* would have benefited little from squad work. But in many jobs, from washing dishes to planning the strategy of a campaign, team or committee contribute more than extra hands and new ideas. They boost morale, which is sometimes even more important.

6. Abandon the philosophy of "can't." The frequent use of "I can't" is more often than not a poor substitute for "I can't be bothered to try." The habit is a dangerous one to sink into anyhow; in time, the conviction of incompetence sets in.

An occasional failure is inevitable; but failure, if properly handled, can act as a spur rather than a damper. Benjamin Disraeli's early attempts to become an MP and his maiden speech in Parliament when he finally was elected were dismal failures. Yet they merely acted as a goad to this man who later became one of Britain's most famous Prime Ministers.

Failure does not justify "I can't." It should call forth "What went wrong? How can I do it better?"

# The Rifle Behind the Liberty Bell

*The Kentucky shooting iron was Pennsylvania Dutch*

By ANN HARK

Condensed from "*Blue Hills and Shoofly Pie*"\*

TALK to a Pennsylvania Dutchman about the Revolutionary war, and he'll probably tell you that it was his people who won it. And they, in turn, were obliged to a Viennese named Gaspard Kollner, who first applied the principle of rifling to get accurate shooting.

To make the ball fit better, he put straight grooves inside the barrel. One day, quite by accident the story goes, the grooves got twisted and ran spirally instead of up and down. This was in 1500. The new-fangled grooves became a great success. The weapon shot much farther and was more apt to hit the mark than the smooth-bore muskets of the day. In Germany and Switzerland it was adopted by the mountain hunters, and eventually became the rifle of the German

*Jaegers*, famed for marksmanship.

Then, in the 18th century, after William Penn had offered refuge in his Pennsylvania province to the persecuted peoples of the Rhine, many Swiss and Germans started emigrating to the promised land. Among them there were skillful

gunsmiths who knew something of the art of rifling. These gunsmiths managed to develop a lighter weapon with a smaller bore. It could be counted on to hit a squirrel without the usual probability of wasted shots. Each shot was precious in those days. With Indians lurking in the offing and wild animals around, often life itself depended on the accuracy with which a man could shoot.

Pioneer boys learned to hunt at an early age. As soon as they could



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hold a rifle they were given ball and powder, and told how to shoot at squirrels. And woe betide the youngster who was slow in learning! After very little practice he must come back with as many squirrels as he'd been given bullets or receive a whipping for his lack of skill.

When a young man reached 12, he was assigned a regular position at a loophole in the fort, to do a man-sized job in warding off attacking Indians. As he grew older he became a more ambitious hunter, stalking deer, elk, buffalo, and bear. He was capable of marching endlessly through trackless forests, curling up at night beside the fire in a single blanket, always on the watch for enemies who scalped and tortured. The wilderness bred supermen with nerves of steel, expert with guns, whose like had never been encountered before.

George Washington had experience with these frontier riflemen. He had seen the tough backwoodsmen at their hunting and had even tried their rifles out himself. So, when he learned that he was going to be appointed commander-in-chief, the call went out among the frontier towns of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. Everywhere tall, rangy men in hunting shirts and moccasins, with sleek, long-barreled guns tucked carelessly beneath their arms, came forward. A company of Pennsylvania Dutchmen from Berks county were

the first to answer, followed just a short time later by another company from York. Less than two months after Congress asked for six companies of riflemen (about 800 men), some 1,400 had equipped themselves and joined the army at Boston.

But General Gage, in command of British regulars at Boston, wasn't worried. All colonial soldiers, in his estimation, were beneath contempt. His men were armed with smooth-bore Brown Bess muskets that were meant to be discharged in volleys at close quarters, and a rifle accurate enough to hit a squirrel that leaped from tree to tree was sheerest nonsense to his way of thinking. But he changed his mind a little later when the news was brought to him from Cambridge of a certain strange and almost unbelievable event.

Washington, he learned, had held a grand review of his new troops on Cambridge common. British spies who'd managed to mingle with the crowd were almost speechless when they came to tell about it. There were 1,400 riflemen, they said, who had lined up on the common, rough and uncouth in their hunting clothes, each leaning nonchalantly on the longest-barreled rifle that anyone had ever seen.

One rifleman walked over to the far side of the common, where he started driving a row of poles into the ground. Each pole was only seven inches in diameter. As he

drove the last one, very carefully he turned and paced back toward his comrades, counting as he went. Ten, 20, 40, 50 paces. Everyone expected him to stop right there. But no, the pacing and the counting still continued. The pacer reached 100 yards; the watching crowd burst into jeers. No gun invented could possibly hit a pole like that at such a distance! But the riflemen paid no attention. Now the count had reached 150, then 200, then 250, and at last it stopped. The riflemen picked up their weapons and slouched forward. Quickly, carelessly, they raised their guns to their shoulders, and the crowd gasped. The poles were shuddering underneath a hail of bullets! When the firing stopped, there wasn't a pole standing.

The fame of the frontiersmen and their awe-inspiring weapons spread in all directions. General Howe wrote home about the "terrible guns of the rebels," and a sizeable reward was offered for the capture of a rifleman "complete with shooting iron." One of them was taken prisoner at Quebec, and later sent to England as a sample of the dreadful adversaries that the British had to face. The stratagem, however, meant to stimulate recruiting, operated in reverse. Englishmen who saw the possibility of being killed by a rifleman 200 yards away immediately lost interest in quelling the rebels overseas.

And well they might. Their com-

rades were having heavy going against the "savage" methods of the crude colonials. To the British troops, accustomed to attacking in close formation and shooting their heavy weapons in ear-splitting unison, the strange guerrilla style of fighting used by the Americans was most confusing. What good was a Brown Bess musket, powerless to hit a target beyond 50 yards? Especially when, from behind a rock or tree three times as far away, a ragged scarecrow of a man in tattered hunting shirt and breeches would suddenly materialize, pick off a soldier with unerring aim, and disappear?

The whole thing gave the British the jitters. And Washington was quick to take advantage of the fact. He sent out this most unusual order. "The general earnestly encourages the use of hunting shirts, with long breeches made of the same cloth. It is a dress justly supposed to carry no small terror to the enemy, who think every such person a complete marksman."

Even the desperate British move of bringing over German mountaineers to combat the rebels failed to put a stop to the colonials' deadly tactics. The mountain men, too, had rifles, but they were obsolete weapons compared to those of the backwoodsmen. The boys in hunting shirts continued to shoot rings around their foes. The war was won, of course, by all the Americans, but seldom do we hear the



story of the Pennsylvania rifle and the leading part it played in that success. Or for that matter, of the part played by the Pennsylvania Dutch in first developing the weapon, and then using it with such uncanny skill.

For many years the gun evolved in Lancaster county by ingenious German gunsmiths bore the name Kentucky rifle, probably because it was used by Daniel Boone in his adventures on the "dark and bloody ground" beyond the mountains, known then as Kentucky. Such famous rifle corps as that of Daniel Morgan, though two-thirds Pennsylvanian, were referred to usually as "Morgan's Virginians."

Morgan himself, however, one of the most brilliant generals of the war and a great favorite of Washington, was well aware of what the country owed the Pennsylvania Dutch.

Morgan paid them all an undying tribute when somebody asked him which race of the various ones included in the Continental army made the greatest fighting men. His answer was, "As for the fighting part of the matter, the men of all races are pretty much alike; they fight as much as they find necessary, and no more. But, sir, for the grand essential composition of a good soldier, give me the 'Dutchman'—he starves well!"

### *Wholly About Saints*

THE PRESENCE of the letters *st*, the abbreviation for saint, in someone's name doesn't necessarily mean he's a likely candidate for canonization one day. But it did turn out that way for a number of saints. You can identify ten of them by adding the letters *s* and *t* to each of the groups of letters listed below. A score of 7 or more is excellent. Answers on page 71.

1. Add ST to HENEP and get.....
2. Add ST to AAHINUSA and get.....
3. Add ST to UVI and get.....
4. Add ST to CEPROHIHR and get.....
5. Add ST to IAGNUI and get.....
6. Add ST to AHMO and get.....
7. Add ST to GINUAEU and get.....
8. Add ST to JINU and get.....
9. Add ST to ABEINSA and get.....
10. Add ST to REEA and get.....

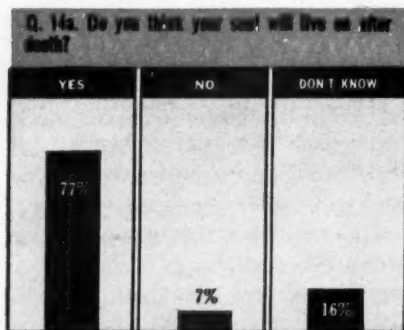
# What Americans Think of Heaven and Hell

*Eighth of a series on the survey of religion in the U.S.*

**A**MERICANS overwhelmingly say they believe in the existence of God (99% of them say they do). When you ask them further questions about that belief, they begin to get a little inconsistent.

The first area of investigation was the immortality of the soul. Our survey, conducted by an independent research firm, asked this question: "Do you think your soul will live on after death?"

Those who said Yes were 77% of all Americans over 18 years of age (104 million persons). Those who think the soul dies with the body, as happens with irrational animals, were 7%, a little over 7 million adults.



(Percentages of 104 million persons.)

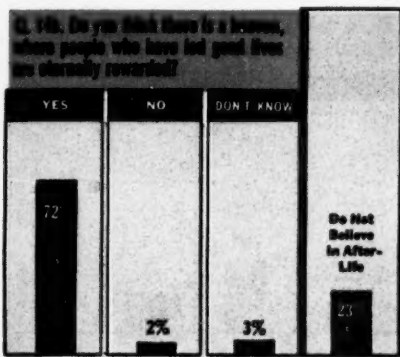
Those who say they don't know, however, are 16%. That means that there are 16.6 million adults who don't know what happens after death, but who, presumably, would be quite interested in being told! Here is a vast number of persons who are not being taught by religion a concept completely basic to the practice of religion.

Add this 16% to the 7% who positively do not believe in an after-life and you get 23% of the adult population with little or no belief.

Obviously, the religious leaders of America ought to make use of every means of communication to put that message across: the press, radio, and television.

*What about heaven?* If God exists and the soul lives on after death, God will reward the just and punish the unjust. This idea, again, is absolutely basic for the practice of religion. The state in which one receives reward is called heaven; the state in which one receives punishment is called hell.

We asked first about heaven: "Do you think there is a heaven, where people who have led good lives are eternally rewarded?"



(Percentages of 104 million persons.)

Yes, say 72% of adult Americans, and only 2% say No, they do not believe heaven exists; and only 3% say they do not know.

To this 2% and 3% we must add the 23% who have little or no belief in the afterlife. Thus, there are 28% of Americans who do not believe in heaven, 72% who do.

It is, of course, easy to believe in heaven. It is pleasant to anticipate happiness and reward, and few persons have difficulty finding things they have done that deserve reward, at least in their own opinion. So we need not be too surprised at the answers that were given in the survey.

Hell, however, is something else. This question was: "Do you think there is a hell, to which people who have led bad lives, and die without being sorry, are eternally damned?"

Only 58% say they believe in hell as against 72% who say they believe in heaven.

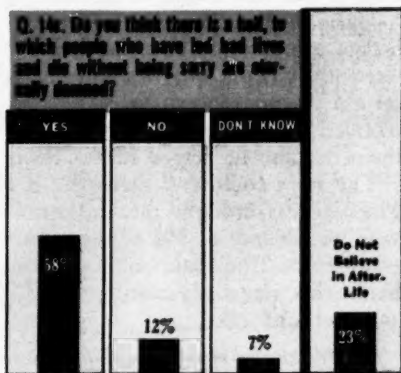
Those who do not believe in hell are the 23% who have no belief in an afterlife, plus the 7% who do not know whether they believe in hell or not, plus 12% who positively state they do not believe in hell.

It is inconsistent to believe in the one and not in the other. It is not surprising to discover this, though, because there is little accurate thinking about the subject of religion in America.

Christianity has become watered down with emotion, in many cases, to sentiment, and, unfortunately, in too many cases, to sentimentality. Theology is an exact science, queen of all sciences, but in America theology is a neglected science.

One further question was asked to take the belief out of theory and relate it directly to the person: "Do you think there is any real possibility of *your* going there?"

Only 12% of the 104 million adult Americans think they have,



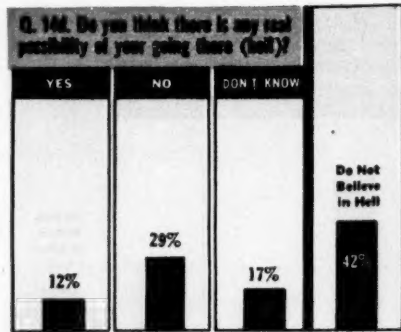
(Percentages of 104 million persons.)

personally, any chance of going to hell when they die.

Those who think there is not any chance of their going there are 29%, those who do not know are 17%. Add the 42% who do not believe in any afterlife.

Thus 88% of the U.S. adults think that they, personally, couldn't possibly go to hell.

America may or may not be a righteous nation, depending on how one looks at it. There is no doubt, though, on the basis of this answer, that America is *self-righteous*. The "fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" and the fear of the Lord is based on the fact that one's sins will render him deserving of God's punishment. If only 12% of Americans think they have or might sin so seriously as



(Percentages of 52 million persons.)

to "deserve the severity of divine judgment," then we are a self-righteous people, and, by that very fact, deserve punishment.

Obviously, too, we have not wit enough to have the fear necessary for us to attain the beginning of wisdom.

### Hearts Are Trumps

**B**ENTLEY MACKAY never expected to get a return on his investment in friendliness to foreign students who came to Louisiana State university. To him, it was just a case of befriending lonely strangers in a foreign land.

Mario, a Brazilian, was in the class of 1936, he vaguely remembered, when he got a letter from him last year. He had known many students and many were still writing. Mario's letter asked if Mackay would help him persuade a certain Akron concern to open up a branch plant in Recife, Brazil. Mackay received many requests like this from his foreign students. He helped all of them out and he helped Mario. Soon the new plant was going up.

The story could end there, but it didn't. The grateful Mario saw to it that Mackay was brought into his firm as a member of the board of directors with an advance of 3% of the capital stock. To Mackay, whose only previous venture into the realm of high finance had been a \$200 loan from a local bank, this was truly casting bread on the waters and having it come back as angel-food cake.

Ashton Greene.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

# The Enemy in Korea

The Chinese communist soldiers are in sharp contrast to the military rabble of the old war-lord days

By ANDREW GEER

Condensed from "The New Breed"\*

THE HARD CORE and traditions of the Chinese communist forces in Korea were built by a small group of men who broke with Chiang Kai-shek in 1927. Defeated at Nanchang and later at Swatow and Canton by the Nationalists, the rebel army had to withdraw to the north.

With 90,000 men they began the "long march" from Kwangsi province in South China to Yen-an in northern Shensi. Before them lay 24 rivers, 18 mountain ranges, and 6,000 miles.

They lived off the land. They carried their few supplies on carts, donkeys, and the backs of men and women, drafting 50,000 civilians to serve as porters. Stragglers and deserters were rounded up by a close-knit regular unit bringing up the rear. Those who

could continue were sent forward in the main columns. Those who fell by the wayside were executed or left to die by the trail.

Barefoot or shod with straw sandals, this scarecrow army wormed its way westward across the breadth of China to the River of Golden Sand. Here it turned northward into the rugged mountains of Szechwan, where 16,000-foot passes had to be crossed. The army continued over the great grasslands. A circuitous route was necessary to avoid the Nationalist armies.



It was a march of survival and only the strong survived; 20,000 of the original 90,000 made it to Yen-an. With the Taiyuan mountains as a shield to the east and the great wall and Russia at their backs, the men

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of the *ch'ang cheng* (long march) could well boast of what had been done. They had passed through 12 provinces and had seized and occupied 62 cities while fighting 15 major battles. Their average daily march was nearly 24 miles.

For the next 16 years the "People's Liberation" army knew nothing but war. They fought the Nationalists. They made an alliance of convenience with the Nationalists to fight the Japanese. Modern weapons came to them from U.S. lend-lease. They captured further supplies when the Japanese armies in China collapsed. Still more supplies fell to them when they drove the armies of Chiang Kai-shek from the mainland. With 30 years of war behind them, the men who led the long march now lead the enemy forces in Korea.

Twelve men guide the political-military destinies of China today. All but two are nearly the same age. Chu Teh, the oldest, was born in 1886, while the youngest, Lin Piao, was born in 1908. The other ten were born in the years between 1893 and 1900.

Four came from average middle-class families, six from the upper middle class, one from a family of wealth, and one from poor peasant stock. Kao Kang, the northerner, and Ho Lung are the only two who had no formal education. Both gained their military education in the school of banditry. Nine of the 12 met as youths in grammar or

military schools. Seven of them spent time in France and Germany and were expelled for subversive activities in those countries. Except for Mao, Kao, and Ho, all have studied in Moscow.

All but two of these men were in positions of command before and during the long march in 1927. Over a period of 30 years this small group has been planning, fighting, and killing to bring communism to China and Asia. The grueling, bitter years have bound these men into a hard, solid unit.

In the war-lord days in China the male Chinese peasant sold his services for a few coppers and a bowl of rice a day. The Chinese soldier had but one ambition: to come across enough loot to buy a few square yards of land, get a wife, and insure himself of a good funeral.

Chu Teh and his companions changed most of this. The political instructors took over. All hands were exposed to a four-hour daily educational program on the benefits of communism. All units were generously staffed with informers. Anyone heard speaking thoughts contrary to the doctrine laid down by the political instructors was isolated for an intensive training period. If this failed, a pistol shot in the back of the head would cure him.

More important to the future, however, was the plan set up for the youth of the land. Cadres of

military schools were started. Young men and women of 17 to 23 years of age with "pure ideology and good health, with elementary or high-school education" are sent to these schools. During the training (eight months to two years) the student is clothed, housed, and fed. The Chinese army of the future will be supplied by the young people from these cadre schools. The Korean war and time will gradually eliminate the old guerrilla-trained Chinese soldier.

Chu Teh and his staff knew the weakness of the North Korean army, for many of the Korean officers and men had trained and fought with Chu's forces against the Nationalists. When the UN supported the South Koreans with men and arms, the Chinese were aware of the defeat facing their allies. They must have been surprised by the early victories the North Koreans won over American forces.

Chu Teh gave the order for his troops to move into Manchuria and prepare to cross the Yalu when the Korean war was but a few weeks old. Elements of the 4th field army were training in Manchuria when the war began, but the main body of this force was in and around Shanghai. The 3rd field army was in the south near Amoy and Foochow, where it was preparing for an amphibious assault on Formosa.

Shortly after the mid-August de-

feat of the North Koreans on the Naktong river, the Chinese 3rd field army began to move northward. The shifting of thousands of men placed a serious strain on transport and supply facilities. The U.S. Marine landing at Inchon and the resultant collapse of the North Korean army speeded the movement.

Preparations were hastened to place the Chinese "volunteers" in action against the advancing UN forces. The political commissioners began to tell their troops about the sorry plight of North Koreans in their attempt to hold off the "imperialistic aggressors." The Americans, the Chinese soldier was told, were bent on conquering Korea and then invading Manchuria and China.

Entire villages in the staging areas north of the Yalu were commandeered to supply uniforms. The government furnished the cloth, matting, and other materials. Thousands of men, women, and children began sewing. The "Chinese People's Support army" was literally sewn into winter uniforms as it went to battle. With the rapid advance of the U.S. 8th army after Inchon, elements of the Chinese 4th army were rushed across the border with orders to block and hold until the 3rd could get into position for a counteroffensive.

The Chinese "volunteers" had a weapon new to Chinese armies, pride. The Chinese 3rd field army

traced back to the guerrilla bands which remained in the south of China while Chu Teh and the rest made the long march to the north. In 1934-37, these bands, held together by Yeh Ting, fought a hit-and-run war against Chiang Kai-shek. In the civil-war years following the 2nd World War, this army won victories at Hsichou, and captured Nanking and Shanghai. It had never met with defeat. Sung's 9th army group, one of four such in the 3rd field army, was rated the best of those in Korea.

In the school of tactics the Chinese leaders are sound. Battle-wise and trained in the hard school of want, while facing an enemy (Chiang) who outnumbered them, the Chinese communist leaders had resorted to infiltration, double-envelopment, isolation, and piecemeal annihilation. Once an enemy unit has been enveloped, either by flanking or infiltration, the position is chopped up by further isolation of smaller units.

"Human-sea" frontal assaults are rare. They are ordered as a last resort when the necessity for victory dictates such a high cost. Newspapers have reported "human-sea" attacks on UN positions on many occasions. These are mostly made by the North Koreans.

Chinese leaders are wary of launching an offensive unless their forces outnumber the enemy three to one. They will order the attack

during darkness, where probing attacks will reveal enemy positions; once UN positions have been disclosed every effort is made to isolate small units from the main force.

Influenced by the vast expanse of China, the Chinese leader will seldom attempt to establish a static defense line, as is the practice for Western armies. Chinese defensive tactics are based on a mobile defense, withdrawal when the situation is unfavorable, and the use of guerrilla forces to harass the rear and flanks. They make every attempt to strike an enemy unit while it is on the move. They will leave an avenue of escape open so that movement is possible. If the enemy is provided a limited avenue of escape and kept on the move he can be gradually worn down with only slight damage to the attacker.

Battle fatigue is not recognized in the Chinese armies because it is a symptom of failure unacceptable to the Oriental mind. The average Chinese soldier fighting in Korea has a low standard of education, but he has been taught blind obedience. He will attempt to carry out an order regardless of consequences.

This seemingly fatalistic obedience really comes from two sources: a new arrogance built on a long succession of victories, and the stern uncompromising demands made upon them by their leaders. Each



unit has its informers, and when an action is closed and the unit withdrawn, a critique is held. Men who have done poorly are exposed in a kangaroo court.

The unit commander metes out three forms of punishment. One is extra duty in the unit until the next battle, at which time the accused leads the attack; the second entails extra work, and a notification of cowardice sent to the man's village; anything more serious than offences meriting the first two is remedied by a shot in the back of the head.

Constantly hampered by the lack of a central system of manufacture or supply of weapons, the Chinese have been forced to employ those of Japanese, Russian, English, and American design. To overcome the problem of mixtures, weapons of a certain manufacture and design are assigned to specific units. Under this system the three rifle regiments of a division might be armed with three different types of rifles and machine guns. This, however, is being corrected as quickly as possible.

Further supply problems are made easier by the Spartan diet of the Asian soldier and his simple manner of preparing food. Each soldier carries, in a loop over his shoulder, a cloth roll filled with

rice or the more common Korean fare of ground rice, millet seed, and dried peas. Such a roll is supposed to last the soldier five days; he prepares the food himself when there is time and a fire. When neither is available, it is mixed with cold water.

Resupply of food is simple. When a unit is in action, the man must live from his food roll. When a unit is behind the lines, each company will send men on a "rice run." Men in disfavor are given the task of returning to a central supply area and bringing back rice for the unit. These trips are made at night; distances of 20 to 30 miles are covered by food parties in one period from dusk to dawn. One man will return with enough food to last ten comrades five days. Further supply problems are lessened by the minimum use of radio and telephone equipment. Control during battle is maintained by bugles, whistles, and flashlights.

The men in command of the Chinese armies are professional in theory as well as practice. They are thoroughly acquainted with the principles of war as written by Napoleon Bonaparte and Clausewitz. They have added new ideas to conform to the mass of land and peoples at their command.

*Answers to "Wholly About Saints" on Page 63*

1. St. Stephen
2. St. Athanasius
3. St. Vitus
4. St. Christopher
5. St. Ignatius
6. St. Thomas
7. St. Augustine
8. St. Justin
9. St. Sebastian
10. St. Teresa

# Why I Became a Priest

*The author of "Everybody Calls Me Father" explains how he came to assume that title*

By FATHER X

Condensed from "*Why I Became a Priest*"\*



WHEN somebody asks you to write about why you are a priest, I think you should tell that person that you are just not up to it, and let it go at that. It is probably the hardest thing in the world for a priest to understand why he is a priest. When a priest sees all the wonderful people in the world who are not priests, he wonders why God chose him.

Of course, everybody knows that God doesn't come down from heaven and whisper in your ear that He wants you to be a priest, although this would simplify matters quite a bit. But I believe that God does use other people to call you to the priesthood and to Him. In my case, as in most other cases, those people that called me to God were my parents, my pastor, and the Sisters in school.

My first experience with the priesthood was bad. My mother took me to church one day when I was four years old. I knew beforehand that God and the priest lived there. My mother had painted such

a beautiful picture of both God and the priest that, to tell you the truth, I didn't know which was which.

First, mother and I talked a little bit to God, whom we saw through faith, and that wasn't so bad; but then the priest walked in, and that was bad. Young as I was, I already had heard how great he was, and I was afraid, especially when he came walking in church with his long black cloak and funny-looking hat. But he was very nice. He made a fuss over me because mothers like priests to make fusses over their children.

My mother, who I always thought never knew when to let well enough alone, said that she knew I would like to say a few prayers for the priest, although she knew nothing of the kind. Well, I made her very sorry for this because I got stuck on the Our Father, and embarrassed her plenty. When we got outside, mother asked me what was the matter with me anyway. However, the main thing about

\*Edited by George L. Kane. Copyright, 1952, by the Newman Press, Westminster, Md. Reprinted with permission. 163 pp. \$2.50.

this incident is that Father said, "Now, little man, maybe someday you will be a priest, too." This was the first time that it occurred to me that an ordinary mortal might assume this great dignity, and I liked it. For the first time, I wanted to be a priest; the thought never left my mind, although I knew that I would have to brush up on my prayers if I ever expected to make it.

There were other things that made the priesthood seem wonderful to me, and I would like to mention one of them. The parish priests took a census of the parish once a year. It was announced from the altar that they would be in such and such a section as of a certain week, but the parishioners did not know on what day they would do certain streets. We never knew which day they would hit our house, but I can tell you this: you never saw my brothers, my mother or me so dolled up, or my mother so nervous, as during that week.

Dad was reverent toward the priesthood, too. He and I used to go over the various types of life that would be best for a man, and dad always gave himself top billing. I think he should have. But even he admitted that he might have gone a little higher had he chosen to be a priest. Sometimes we took a drive to see where the rich people lived, and we did that because we liked to look at beautiful things, but we never wanted to be like the

rich people nearly so much as we wanted me to be a priest. I think my mother and dad were doing the calling for God.

Next, I think, the pastor helped call me for God. He was perhaps a little hard on the older people once in a while, but he was a prince to the children and he loved the poor. It was common knowledge that he bought shoes and suits and even big meals for the poor of the parish. When you're a child your heart goes out to the poor. I wanted to be just like this grand man of God.

I had a big imagination when I was small, just like most children. Sometimes in imagination I was a cowboy on a horse, even though the horse was only an old broomstick. My parents and teachers made the most of this imagination. They said that there is only one man in the world, the priest, that can do things that are even better than you can imagine. He can say over a piece of bread, "This is My Body," and the bread becomes God Himself. He can say, "I forgive," and the worst sins in the world disappear. Now, I thought, if you can beat that for real living, what could it possibly be?

When I go into school now and ask the boys what they want to be, most of them want to be priests; and when I ask them why, it is because they want the power to forgive sins and to consecrate. They truly understand what a great life

the priesthood holds out to them.

Unfortunately, though, when you get a little bit older and still want to be a priest you meet a lot of wise people. They say, "What's the matter with you? Are you getting pious?" as though this were something to be ashamed of. Or they might say, "Don't tell me that you are going away to a seminary and wear black clothes all the time?" "You mean you're not going to dances any more?"

I suppose that this kind of stuff doesn't affect some people, but it did me. I thought it might be nice to make a lot of money and have big cars and homes and diamonds and all that. I could dream, couldn't I? But one thing kept me thinking about being a priest. My parents, my pastor, but above all the Sisters kept saying over and over what our Lord once said, "What does it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul?" Well, when I heard this enough times I had the courage to give the priesthood a try.

Of course there was still one hurdle to go over. I thought it might be a bit presumptuous of me wanting to be a priest. I always thought

that priests were so great and, to face the truth, I wasn't.

I got up enough nerve to ask the pastor about it. He said, "Well, why do you want to be a priest?" I tried to think of a real impressive answer but about all I could think of to say was, "I want to be a priest to get to heaven." And Father said, "That's a real good answer. Go ahead."

So I went away to study. I would be the last one in the world to say that the studies were easy. If I did, many of my professors would rise up against me. But I will say that the studies are not as hard as some might imagine. Many boys got through who didn't think it possible. I think this is so because God is not waiting at the gate of heaven just to let in the smart people. The ones He lets in are the ones that love Him. I think it's more or less like this in seminaries. The boys that go there with good intentions are the ones that are most likely to get through to the priesthood—the ones that dream and think of the great things priests can do, like making God from bread and being able to forgive sins.

### *You Say It*

**I**N MONTANA there is a town named Eurelia. Trainmen differ as to the pronunciation of the name. Passengers are often startled, upon arriving at this station, to hear the conductor yell: "You're a liar! You're a liar!" Then, from the brakeman, at the other end, comes the cry: "You really are. You really are."

The Frontline, quoted in the *St. Paul Dispatch* (19 Aug. '52).

# Rain When You Want It

Condensed from *Fortnight*\*

*Men are able right now to do something about the weather as well as talk about it*

**D**URING the Western dry spell in 1950, some meteorologists were waiting in southeastern Colorado for the first sign of an approaching storm. They intended to milk the passing clouds of all possible moisture. Success would break the drought, and save crops and herds of 14 Colorado counties.

Final observations were made on the spot. Crews were dispatched with generating machines to stations along the Continental Divide. All night long, while the thunderstorm rolled over the Rockies, they sent countless smoke particles into the clouds to stimulate an added harvest of raindrops.

Within a few hours every section of the 14 counties had received at least an inch of rain, and some, six inches. Other Colorado territory was getting rain, but nowhere near the

volume laid down in the "target area." Crops and stock were saved from drought. "Those people," one weatherman later commented, "were sure happy."

What, exactly, had the rain makers done? For a few cents an acre, farmers reaped a harvest far above normal; their added income was put out at \$15 million for one county alone.

Since then the arid West has been having a rain-making boom. Extra inches of rain and snow have been falling in some parts of 15 Western states; professional rain inducers take much of the credit.

Most representative of these is Dr. Irving P. Krick. He is the man whose crews made themselves the most popular people in southeastern Colorado. But while Krick may be the nation's most successful rain



\*748 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif., Nov. 10, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by O. D. Keep Associates, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

maker, the credit for pioneering goes to others.

In 1895 a German scientist patented a process for inducing rain by shooting solid carbon dioxide into supercooled clouds. But he was never able to apply it. By the early 1900's professional rain makers were operating in Western America, Australia, and other arid regions. People were anxious to try anything to get more water.

Within a few years technical advances were transforming rain making into a science. In 1930 a Dutchman named August W. Veraart dropped dry-ice particles into the tops of clouds from an airplane near Amsterdam. Ten minutes afterward a rainstorm began which lasted for two days. But Veraart could not prove how much of this was his own doing, and he was unable to get financing for further tests.

History has shown, however, that he was on the right track. In 1946, General Electric scientists headed by Dr. Irving Langmuir made rain over Massachusetts mountains by dropping dry-ice pellets from a plane. Their feat was quickly reinforced by at least two other successful efforts at snow making near Schenectady.

In October, 1948, Dr. Langmuir was conducting further experiments in New Mexico. He acknowledged that a 160-billion-gallon rainfall near Albuquerque had been his doing. Man was making real prog-

ress in conquering the elements. Here was an unexpected retort to Mark Twain, who had said, "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it."

In the summer of 1948 the U.S. Weather bureau and the Army Air Force had cooperated on a rain-making project at Wright Field, Ohio. They poured volumes of dry ice and other materials into the sky and got virtually nothing for their efforts. The Weather bureau announced that there was not much future in rain making.

Other meteorologists then pointed out that the government men had insisted on seeding the atmosphere whether or not there were any clouds in sight. "You can't make rain without the right kind of clouds," is the weathermaker's maxim. Irving Krick adds that "you can't make rain if it isn't going to rain anyway." What the rain makers do is to induce more rain than would fall naturally.

By 1947 the science of rain making had achieved another big technical advance. It was a new material that would bring rain from clouds without the use of planes. Dr. Bernard Vonnegut, another Langmuir protege at Schenectady, began to look for a chemical compound with crystals resembling water crystals. The first substance he used was silver iodide, which produced snow in the freezer cabinet at just above icing point.

This discovery opened up a whole new range of rain-making possibilities. Practically all rain-bearing clouds would now be fair game for the rain makers. The ammunition could be sent up in the form of smoke from generators on the ground.

Serious interest of experienced weathermen was still lacking. They were the men who could tell when and where it was going to rain naturally; could marshal the generators to get the best effect; could produce records to show how much rain was artificial. These men would take the guesswork out of rain making.

Dr. Irving Krick entered the field as weather consultant for cloud-seeding operations over Arizona's Salt River valley early in 1948. Late in 1949 he organized the Water Resources Development Corp., and set about perfecting a better ground generator. Between January and May, 1950, he and his staff developed 11 models before they were satisfied.

Their present smoke dispenser puts out no less than 30 quadrillion particles of silver iodide a minute. The particles are invisible. But each is capable of stimulating rain when it reaches a moisture-laden cloud. The machine is placed on the side of a hill or in some other favorable spot. Air currents carry the particles skyward in an expanding plume of transparent smoke.

The contraption weighs less than 200 pounds and is about as big as an undersized turkish-bath box. Its mechanism is mainly a small furnace, which burns little pieces of coke that have been impregnated with silver iodide.

The trick is to feed the coke into the furnace at an exact rate determined by the amount of moisture that the clouds, by test, are known to contain. As the coke burns, the gaseous silver iodide is released into the air on a regulated column of smoke. It must not overwhelm the clouds. Crowded particles of silver iodide cannot pick up enough moisture to gain the weight needed to fall as raindrops.

Now Krick is conducting rain-making operations in 15 states from Kansas to the Pacific Coast. In every contracted job so far, rain or snow has fallen in quantities far beyond normal and beyond amounts falling on land outside the target area.

Since the fall of 1950, dozens of young meteorologists and pilots have put together their own smoke dispensers. They rent airplanes, and go forth in search of likely clouds and customers. So much silver iodide is being sent into the air that thoughtful scientists are worried. Irving Krick agrees that allowing self-appointed cloud-tinklers to go through the country tinkering with the weather can cause immense harm. Weather-control men, he says, should be licensed.

To many Americans the issue goes much deeper. Just what right does the most expert rain maker have to go around tampering with nature in the first place? Are the scientists overstepping mortal bounds in deciding where a rain cloud should shed its precious burden? Couldn't the people in the next valley, or the next state, object that the rain would have fallen naturally on their lands if the rain makers had not interfered?

Irving Krick offers reassurance. By the very nature of clouds, he says, rain makers cannot rob water users elsewhere. Of the great mass of moisture in a cloud, only about 1% can be milked in any one seeding operation. The cloud will quickly make up the loss.

But what if no rain is wanted? What if certain businesses in the community would have their trade hurt by it? What is to prevent a weathermaker from influencing elections by rain? What if California and Florida bombard each other with dry ice in their battle for the tourist trade?

The whole business was so loaded with legal dynamite that lawyers could look ahead to new frontiers of litigation. State legislatures already regulate water on the surface and under the earth. They might soon be regulating it in the skies.

But except where bound by law, the frontiers of weather control are limitless. Even the process of over-

seeding can be made useful in breaking up dangerous storms. As early as 1947, fruit growers in Honduras overseeded clouds with dry ice to prevent storm damage to banana crops. By liberal use of dry ice they kept moisture droplets from getting big enough to fall.

Such local rain prevention may be only the beginning. Each year millions of dollars worth of property is destroyed in the U.S. by storms. Couldn't the weathermakers attack these evil forces far out at sea where they are born and smother them in infancy? Even the conservative U.S. Weather bureau looks forward to this kind of storm fighting.

It is in the field of rain inducing, however, that weather control holds its greatest promise. It can increase water supply, and thus the productive capacity, of great geographic areas. It could also, according to the claim, virtually solve the water problems of Southwestern states. These are broad pretensions, but men who dare the weather are not the kind to impose limitations on themselves.

Even the rain making on today's grand scale only scratches the potentialities of the science. Many of the world's troubles stem from inadequate food production, which in turn is usually caused by drought and other weather extremes. Why can't we make our rain, and store it? Thus we might produce more bounteous crops for all.



# I'm a Carpenter

*I work with my hands and  
I like it because it makes  
other people happy*

By BILL LARSEN  
Condensed from *Work\**



**W**HEN I was a kid, I used to fool around with wood, making things in my spare time. Now, making things out of wood is my full-time job, and I like it.

As a youngster I took an orange crate and made it into a miniature stable. My folks still use it every Christmas. Today, following the trade of Christ the carpenter, I build and remodel houses for people.

Armed with a Carpenters' Union apprentice card and five tools: hammer, saw, crowbar, small square, and ax, I started in the trade almost four years ago. Today I need the trunk of my car to carry around all my tools. There are so many that I've never counted them, though I do know that they cost me about \$300.

Now I'm near the end of my four-year apprenticeship and close to being a journeyman, or a full-fledged carpenter. Now friends ask me, "Bill, if you had to do it all over again, would you still go into the carpenter's trade?"

I would, gladly. And I'm sure that after 30 years in the trade I'll feel the same.

The tools in the car trunk stay there even when my wife and I drive to a friend's wedding or when we go shopping. That gives you a hint that the trade is a part of me over and above the 40 hours or so that I put in on the job.

Take Saturdays. Whenever possible, I try to give friends of mine a hand in building homes of their own. Since this Saturday work is done for nothing, I've often been thanked profusely. I don't mind the thanks, but wide eyes show that the folks I help are surprised. They don't expect people to help each other these days without pay.

My regular week's wages are enough to support my family. There's no reason why I shouldn't be generous with my services to people in need, just so I make sure that I don't put another person out of work.

"The pay is good and you have security. I can see why you wouldn't

\*21 W. Superior St., Chicago 10, Ill. November, 1952. Copyright, 1952, and reprinted with permission.

change your trade." That's the opinion I've heard often.

I didn't become a carpenter because the wages are good. Even with wages much less, I still would have become one.

I enjoy working outside; I enjoy working with my hands; I enjoy seeing the result of my work. And, most of all, I enjoy working at something that people need very much.

As our saws sing and our hammers ring, I realize that this is not some useless gimmick that we're working on. This is something that people need, and need desperately. This is a house we're building, a house that a family will make a home.

When I'm working on a new house, I can expect to have a man come up to me and say, proudly, "Hello, there! I'm the owner of this house. How's it coming?" Usually he'll keep pressing that question. He wants to move in as soon as possible, because in nine cases out of ten his family is living in crowded quarters.

That's how a carpenter can see that his work helps people directly. And he shows his love for his neighbor by the way he does his work.

There are points about the job, the industry, and the union that could stand improvement. When people read about the wages of the building trades (my take-home pay as an apprentice is about \$80 a

week), they usually forget that few building-trade craftsmen get paid vacations. And, besides, the worker is likely to be laid off for a week to a month or more in winter, depending on how bad the winter and how slack the work. No pay for this, either.

As for the building industry as a whole, I think that it doesn't give enough consideration to the family man who is trying to buy a new home. The cost of a house is so high that most families are priced out of the market.

When we're doing a remodeling job, we'll ask, "How much are they charging you for this?" Lots of time it'll be a figure large enough to make you whistle and shake your head. Privately, some carpenters will say, "Oh, to be in business for myself and rake in some of that big dough."

It is the rare man who says, "Oh, to be in business for myself and help people build houses that they can afford."

This greed, whether displayed by workers or contractors, is my big gripe about the building industry. Is there no limit to the big profits made by contractors and material-supply companies? Is there no limit to wages asked by the building-trade unions?

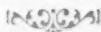
Another fault on both sides of the labor-management fence is that they sometimes give the customer a raw deal. I know contractors whose attitude is, "Get that work done, I

don't care how, so that I can send them a bill and collect."

Wood butchers are carpenters who have by-passed the regular apprenticeship and theoretically passed a union-qualification test. But, those who know (or pay) the right people don't have to take the test. This isn't just a rumor. I know men who admit buying their carpenters' union card. I also know a man who

turned down a chance to become a carpenter when he refused to pay off a union official. It's the wood butcher who puts hammer marks on the trim.

But, there are plenty of "good guys" in labor unions. And there are plenty of good carpenters. The fellows I work with have a sense of pride about their work. They want to give people their money's worth.



### *How Your Church Can Raise Money*

**W**OMEN of St. Michael's church in Houston, Texas, have issued a directory listing talents of some 80 women of the parish, whose services are available for a fee.

Each of the women listed has a quota of \$10, for the altar fund. The talents range through hat trimming, baby sitting, oil and pastel painting, floral arrangement, tray decoration, making greeting cards, and specialty cooking, including preparation of Hollandaise sauce, Mexican spaghetti, Rocquefort dressing, shrimp Creole, cream puffs, cookies, and meat loaf. Items available through the directory include farm products and riding lessons—the church member furnishing the horse.

*Sunday Digest* quoted by Margaret V. Waters.

**T**HE new parish, Immaculate Heart of Mary, St. Paul, Minn., organized for contributions on a block basis. One Catholic family in the block was given a large basket, asked to bake something, and put it in the basket. The basket was then passed to the nearest Catholic neighbor. The neighbor bought the baked goods already in the basket, put the money for it in an envelope for the church, baked something new for the basket, and passed it on. When the basket had made the rounds of the block, the full envelope was taken to the pastor. The parish thus acquired some new income within a few months, and at the same time developed a body of enthusiastic parishioners.

Ann Houck.

*Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write the CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication.*

# Stamps Without God

*The atheists throw a lot of weight around when commemoratives are issued*

By E. A. K.

Condensed from *Linn's Weekly Stamp News*\*



*Indignant protest against evidences of atheistic influence on federal government departments was expressed in a letter and accompanying message received by the editors of Linn's from a philatelist who signed himself only E.A.K., but included his full address. The messages arrived in an envelope bearing the 3¢ Gutenberg Bible stamp, mailed on its first day of issue. On the envelope were the words: "What is missing on this stamp which was issued today?" The letter and the accompanying message follow.*

**A**BOUT a year ago the Post Office department approved St. Bonaventure college's proposal that the U. S. should issue a special stamp to pay tribute to the Holy Bible, and thereby "advertise" religion.

Somewhere along the line, the government decided to subordinate the original stamp's purpose and use it to pay tribute to printing and book publishing instead. Perhaps the authorities were afraid that

communist and the other atheistic groups might object to U.S. recognition of anything religious.

This is a typical example of a kind of thinking we believe ought to be corrected. The enclosed facts will give you a better idea of what we have in mind.

For your information, four individuals, Americans, stamp enthusiasts, and believers in a God, have contributed towards the preparation and mailing of this message. I can, upon request, give you our full names, but we prefer to remain anonymous, since this effort is one of principle rather than a gimmick for any personal mention.

Three centuries ago our nation was settled by God-fearing Europeans. These were people who braved the perils of the Atlantic that they might worship in a new land according to the dictates of their conscience. As the colonies and our republic prospered and developed, their trust in and devotion to God was inseparably asso-

\*Sidney, Ohio. Oct. 13, 1952. Copyright, 1952, and reprinted with permission.

ciated with everything they did: civically, socially, politically. Even the framers of the Declaration of Independence and our Constitution based the very foundations of the Republic on a humble reliance upon God and His guidance.

Until relatively recently, every proclamation, every treaty, every act of our government included a direct appeal to the blessings of the Almighty.

Today the forces of evil are rampant in virtually every sphere of human endeavor. Insidiously active atheistic fronts, individuals, and organizations are abroad in a nefarious attempt to destroy this truly American and human trust in God. They know that before they can attack democracy and freedom, they first must destroy a people's faith in God.

To mislead citizens, their campaigns are devised to suggest that *Freedom of Religion* means *Freedom from Religion*.

Washington was not ashamed to pray to God at Valley Forge; Francis Scott Key penned that immortal phrase, "And this be our motto, 'In God Is Our Trust,'" which now is part of our national anthem.

Our coinage, too, carried *In God We Trust*. Except for this limited usage, our government seems to be most anxious to forget or deliberately ignore a spirit which our forefathers, our Presidents, and our Congress once held sacred.

### *Postage Prelates*

Unbeknown to postal authorities, a Catholic archbishop was pictured on the commemorative stamp honoring the invention of printing. The stamp shows Gutenberg and an assistant showing a proof of the Catholic Latin Vulgate Bible to Adolf II of Nassau, elector of Mainz.

Soon after the stamp appeared, Adolf II was identified by Father Aloysius S. Horn of Fremont, Ohio, an authority on religion on stamps, as Archbishop Adolf of Mainz from 1462 to 1475 and Gutenberg's patron. Postal officials then announced that Adolf was the first member of the hierarchy to appear on a U. S. stamp, but they forgot about Cardinal Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain, 1428-1495, who is shown on the 30¢ value of the Columbian commemorative series of 1892.

On several other stamps of the Columbian issue members of the Catholic clergy, some in bishops' robes, appear; but they are not identified and do not necessarily represent historical figures. Two priests have recently been on U. S. stamps, one of them among the four chaplains honored in 1948, and the other a missionary on the Cadillac-expedition commemorative.

Adapted from RNS and NCWC.

Are we truly struggling to establish at home and abroad God-given principles of liberty, and not simply using that aim as propagandistic lip service? If so, is it not time that *In God We Trust* be more widely used by the U. S.? Or are we ashamed or afraid that such a public proclamation might offend those who would destroy us?

U. S. postage stamps are one medium which reach the far corners of the earth. It seems particularly fitting that these bits of paper, representing our government to millions of people on six continents and the islands between (peoples who have no other way of knowing us) ought to proclaim our nation's trust in God.

Unfortunately, a few timid officials in Washington are terrified at this suggestion. They know that active atheistic groups will raise boisterous objections. In 1948 a special stamp was issued in honor of the four heroic chaplains who sacrificed their lives when the U.S.S. *Dorchester* was torpedoed. Postal officials were high-pressured in attempts to have the stamp withdrawn because "it violated Freedom of Religion!"

A few months ago, the same groups got busy again. They compelled the Post Office department to reject a picture of the Mount of the Holy Cross as the major design for a stamp honoring the statehood of Colorado because "such a subject is too religious!" The authori-

ties compromised by featuring a picture of the State House (which had not even been built at the time of the event which the stamp commemorates) and relegated the mountain which played so important a part in the lives of the original Colorado settlers to a subordinate position. Even then the protests were loud and vicious.

When the Post Office department recently was asked to include *In God We Trust* on our stamps, officials squashed the suggestion. They said that the "area of a postage stamp is too small" to include these words. The fact remains that all of our stamps have more wording on them than these 12 letters.

At this critical period in our history we desperately need *In God We Trust* as a daily keynote.

This is not an objective of any particular religion; it has the fullest support of all faiths, Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and of others who worship God.

The Post Office department is largely influenced by the reaction of "the public" and rightly so. The atheists have voiced their objections and have been heard. It is hoped that every man, woman, and child in the U. S. who feels that our national motto is as vitally important today as when we adopted it nearly two centuries ago will express his sentiments. Communications can be addressed to the Postmaster, Post Office department, Washington 25, D. C.



## Vest-Pocket Gardens for Mary

*Two men in Philadelphia are giving flowers  
their right names*

By JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

OUT of their blue-lettered gray envelopes there will be tumbling into the hands of an Irish beauty in Brooklyn named Minnie Martin, right about now, the evidence of one sweet little racket. She is its latest victim. I know, because I'm victimizing her. I sent her a set of seed packets, each about the size of an open matchbook cover. I sent them to her so that she could plant a Mary's garden.

Cement broods in every direction where Minnie lives. There isn't room to make a mud pie; and under the cement there's rock. But Minnie will plant Mary's garden in a window box looking out on St. John's place. With the sun and the rain and God's love, it will blossom, come spring, defying the concrete as faith does the desert, to honor our Lady. All over America, in tin cans and cigar boxes, in backyards and on parish lawns, Minnie will have lots of company.

This is because in March, 1951, two Philadelphians, John S. Stokes, Jr., and Edward A. McTague hit on a new idea. They decided to restore the spirit of prayer to gardening. It was to be a spare-time

apostolic work. The payoff has been lush: gilt-edged, nonnegotiable merit.

In that first year, 134 Mary's gardens bloomed across America. By the spring of 1952 the number had trebled. This year the thing will probably get out of hand. Stokes and McTague, who've operated on an expenses-only, nonprofit basis, are hoping some missionary group will take over and benefit by the wildfire response.

The idea came to Stokes from a unique garden he ran across on the grounds of St. Joseph's church at Woods Hole, Mass. A Chicago woman named Mrs. Frank R. Lillie had established there something never before seen in the U.S. For that matter, its like hadn't been seen anywhere since the 16th century.

Every flower in it, including some Mrs. Lillie imported, bore its original pre-Reformation English title honoring Mary. Stokes was overwhelmed. He went home to Philadelphia, excited. When Atlantic storms wiped out half of the Woods Hole garden, he shared his idea with Edward McTague. To-

gether they founded Mary's Gardens, 901 S. 47th St., Philadelphia 43, Pa.

Today the project is a booming mail-order business that must use modern packaging equipment to keep up with demand. From the start it has been full of surprises.

Stokes had been studying under McTague at the St. Joseph's college Institute of Industrial Relations in Philadelphia. A chance remark about horticulture revealed that both men were amateur gardeners. That drew them closer together than economics and labor law ever could. McTague's promotional know-how was all the spark Stokes' project needed.

They combed libraries for old books on gardening. What they came up with popped their own eyes. Monasteries, abbeys, and churches, it seemed, weren't the only things Henry VIII and Elizabeth I had plundered in once Catholic England. The very names of flowers honoring our Lady were pitilessly purged. Research disclosed that more than 500 common garden flowers had been known by her titles when England itself was known as Mary's Dowry.

Some were for things belonging to her, like Our Lady's Cushion, Our Lady's Earrings, Our Lady's Thimble, or Eyes of Mary. Others kept men mindful of some liturgical feast, for which they would bloom: Purification flower or Assumption lily. The Madonna lily

and the marigold, Stokes and McTague quickly saw, were among the few flowers to survive the bitter extremes of the Reformation.

With zeal and devotion they set about restoring the past. They got expert advice on cultivation, tapped reliable seed sources, printed up envelopes, and spread the good word. Their reasonable price list, which now includes layouts for garden arrangement as well as their informative booklet and Old Garden prayer, was worked out to cover costs, with not a nickel over. Ten seed packets are \$1.50. In less time than it takes to see that marigold is only Mary's gold in disguise, they were doing a bonanza business all over the U.S.

Their slick-paper informative booklet, synchronized as a guide for spring planting that same year, is really a detailed brochure of our Lady's annuals, biennials, and perennials. It gives the Mary name for each flower, its common garden name, and its Latin botanical name, with clear, crisp directions for planting and cultivation.

Not all the 500-odd Mary varieties are listed. Some are too hard to come by. Others require professional gardening skills. But the several dozens that are available have been chosen to please a wide range of tastes. Many combinations of color can be worked out, and the foresighted gardener will have a steady succession of blooms from May to October. All are hardy



types calculated to survive anything but the worst errors of those who love Mary but have yet to learn gardening.

Stokes and McTague have children mainly in mind here. Little ones can be taught the beauties of God's natural world while they are learning the glories of His Mother. This thought fascinates these two men. Each of them has three children of his own. Two of McTague's are members of Religious Orders.

Nuns are fascinated, too. Convents in every one of the 48 states, as well as in Africa, South America, Europe, and the islands of the Pacific, keep writing in for seeds. The nuns use the flowers to beautify convent grounds, to decorate their little Community cemeteries, and to adorn classrooms. They pass them out to children for gardens at home.

The result is that in thousands of windows this spring, tended by tiny hands, coffee cans, old flower-pots, and cheese or cigar boxes will lift green sprouts that, come May, will be ready to crown its Queen with blossoms. A little invalid girl in the Bronx, her face aglow, is tending trays of six varieties in the bay window of her parents' home. She works from a wheel chair, watering, cultivating, praying, humming our Lady's hymns. She's only six, but the Sister Superior at her school is counting on those flowers. The little girl told me so.

"She is not expected to walk again," the Sister told me. "Polio. But she doesn't understand. And who is to say that, with Mary's help . . . ?"

A pastor in Plainfield, N. J., Father Harold V. Colgan, founder of the famed Blue Army, will be planting an elaborate Mary's garden. He will plainly tag each variety with the Lady title it bore four centuries ago. His garden will be on the lawn of St. Mary's, where he has his Madonna grotto. There

### *Some Mary Names for Flowers*

Our Lady's	
Mantle .....	Morning Glory
Virgin Flower.....	Periwinkle
Our Lady's Delight.....	Pansy
Eyes of Mary.....	Forget-me-not
Our Lady's Glove.....	Foxglove
Our Lady's Keys.....	Cowslip
Our Lady's	
Fingers .....	Honeysuckle
Our Lady's	
Tears .....	Lily-of-the-Valley
Purification Flower.....	Snowdrop
Our Lady's Eardrops .....	Fuchsia
Our Lady's Slippers or	
Shoes.....	Columbine (Aquilegia)
Our Lady's	
Thimble.....	Bluebells of Scotland
Our Lady's	
Modesty.....	Wild Violet
Our Lady's Birthday	
Flower .....	Aster
Our Lady's Earrings.....	Balsam

will be another garden across the street at the school, around the Fatima group. As pastor tells pastor, Stokes and McTague want to yell delightedly for help. Their spare-time apostolate has swamped them.

Bill Riordan will have his Mary's Garden, too. It'll be in a funny place, though. Bill is a radio operator on a merchant ship, American registry, and his devotion will blossom in wood trays in the radio shack. He chose only the toughest varieties. If his ports of call don't include the subarctic, he's confident they'll bloom. They did last year.

Somewhere in the Middle West a Negro on parole will be on his knees, planting another Mary's garden in a modest back yard. The first one he planted, back in 1951, was in a prison courtyard. It was his silent, multicolored prayer to Mary that he might be paroled. Fellow convicts gave him the horse laugh at first, then watched with interest as the little plants came up. The Negro's prayer was answered when the Mary's gold was in bloom. This year he plants in thanksgiving, and for the grace to keep going straight.

A Jesuit on the island of Yap in the Carolines will this year be making his garden pray. So will an American infantryman on maneuvers in western Germany. The

soldier's garden will be the first known portable tribute to Mary. It's only a small flowerpot, but the general feeling is that if it survives it will really be a near miracle.

But the kind of faith that makes a heart leap up with yearning for the rediscovered past in Mary's gardens is precisely the kind that does work miracles. In the preface to a moldy 16th-century translation of a gardening manual by "one of the St. Vincent abbey, France," Stokes and McTague found a prayer that mirrors forth such faith. They have made it their Old Garden prayer.

It reads in part: "In Thy name, Lord, we plant these seeds, desiring that by Thy mighty power they may grow upon the earth, and bear plenty of fruits, to the profit of all Thy faithful, through Christ our Lord."

There's no proof it's happened yet, but more than one enthusiast for Mary's gardens has suggested that border patrols would have one sweet time preventing these seeds of devotion from piercing the Iron Curtain and flaunting their holy colors inside Russia.

"The idea is always the first step in these things," Stokes agrees. "The modern parable of a nation's redemption might be written in part around our Lady's seeds. Her Son wove a classic around one much smaller."



**C**HILDREN may tear up a house but they never break up a home.

Ruth Stocks.

# Mauriac: Novelist of Conflict

*But he does not believe that all life  
is either black or white*

By KEES VAN HOEK

Condensed from *John O'London's Weekly*\*

FRANÇOIS MAURIAc ranks as the foremost Catholic among contemporary writers. The circumstance does not necessarily make him the most popular Catholic novelist.

Some 20 years ago, pugnacious Abbé Louis Bethleem started a crusade to clean up the French press and literature. He reserved for Mauriac some of the blackest marks in his catalogue. Unhealthy, disturbing, pernicious, base, are some of the things he called him. Mauriac's novels, es-

pecially the earlier ones, were frank portrayals of decadent society. Even the open-minded found them at times rather morbidly introvert.

Yet, the greatest living Catholic philosopher, Jacques Maritain, has defended Mauriac as essentially Catholic. Mauriac's portrayal of life as a struggle between flesh and spirit is true to the doctrine that man is neither angel nor beast.

Of Mauriac's personal fidelity to his Church there is no doubt. "I am attached to it as narrowly as a man to his planet; I know myself bound to my religion for all eternity." He never wrote his novels to make them symbolic of Christian virtue, but in all of them he has brought out his faith that man can gain mastery over sin.

He has defended his choice of subjects by explaining, "In the world of reality you do not find beautiful souls in the pure state—these are only to be found in novels—bad novels at that. What we call a beautiful character has become beautiful at the cost of a struggle against itself."

On one occasion I had heard Mauriac venture a hint to the clergy against concentrating too much on winning back the proletariat. "Mind you," so he specified when I touched on the subject, "that



\*Tower House, Southampton St., London, W.C. 2, England. Copyright, 1952, and reprinted with permission.

apostolate among the workers is one of the greatest glories of the Church in modern France, but there is a tendency to overlook that too many of our real poor today are those who wear gloves, and it is not only the bread of this earth which is wanting in our time."

We sat together in his room in the plant of *Figaro*, Paris daily famed for its literary standing. Mauriac, apart from being a member of the board, writes some of the first-column front-page editorials every week. "It is much more difficult to write for 400,000 readers than for 40,000," he smiles. Outside the double windows of the high corner room the traffic roared and the traffic-police whistles shrieked shrilly round the Rond Point des Champs Elysées.

He began his literary career as a poet and poetry critic 40 years ago, but he has not published any verse since 1925. Biographers who have analyzed his work point to two milestones: 1928, the year he put a bridle on his descriptive powers to avoid scandal, and 1932, when he was very ill. The loving care of his family made him rediscover virtues in the class of people he flayed in his earlier novels.

François Mauriac is past 65 now. He served in the army during the 1st World War, stayed on in occupied France during the last war. Though rightly suspected of contributing to underground newspapers, he was left in peace. He mar-

THE WINNER of the 1952 Nobel prize for literature and a member of the French Academy, François Mauriac is one of the great Catholic novelists of our time. Of his more than 20 novels, the most popular in English translation are *Thérèse*, *Woman of the Pharisees*, *The Desert of Love*, and *Viper's Tangle*. His most famous play is *Asmodée*. He has also written a biography of Racine and a *Life of Jesus*, and his essays have been collected in books.

ried in 1913. His son, Claude, was at one time private secretary to General de Gaulle and is now the film critic of *Figaro*.

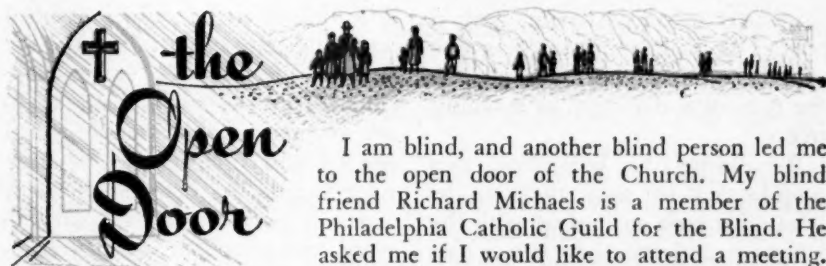
Talking to me about his age, he said, "The body ages, the heart stays young." The hair at his boldly veined temples is now snow white, his dome almost bald. There is something Romanesque in his strongly chiseled face, the wide roundness of his brow, the brown eyes deep set under the perfectly rounded arches of his eyebrows, the friendly wrinkles round his high cheekbones. He has the dark skin of a man of the South, a strong probing nose, long slender hands with tapering fingers.

His matter-of-fact elegance is as natural as the gracefulness of his gestures. He talks with intense sincerity. A permanent hoarseness resulted from the removal of half his

vocal chords. But careful articulation makes his every word precise. He is the type of man who does nothing by halves; he gives himself with his entire personality.

I had asked him which of his own books he liked best. "Once a book is finished I lose contact with it, but I cherish still my *Life of Jesus*." And so we came to talk about the great issue of our time:

communism and its struggle with the Church. Concluded Mauriac, "Many of us have lived for the realization of what Péguy called '*La Cité harmonieuse*' and now we find rising before its gates an insatiable Moloch." The attack on the Church is what has turned this literary chronicler into one of the leaders in the spiritual battle for the soul of France.



I am blind, and another blind person led me to the open door of the Church. My blind friend Richard Michaels is a member of the Philadelphia Catholic Guild for the Blind. He asked me if I would like to attend a meeting.

I said, "Yes, if a non-Catholic would be welcome." Father Thomas J. Riley, guild moderator, assured Richard that I would be welcome, and also invited me to come early enough for the Rosary and sermon with which the meetings are opened.

I found the first meeting so interesting, I came again and again, thanks to the guides who volunteer their services and cars. The light of grace glowed in my darkness, I asked for instructions, and was baptized and received First Communion.

One of my guides, Miss Elizabeth McCalla, consented to be my sponsor. Now, I cannot thank her and the guild enough for their help and encouragement; and I am eternally indebted to the Little Sister of the Assumption who instructed me, and Mrs. Brogan, my convert friend, who read and taught me my prayers and catechism. And more and more do I appreciate the atmosphere of peace in church, due to the reverence paid the Holy Eucharist in the tabernacle, which also drew me toward the Church.

Elsie Lutz.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]



## Letter From the Jungle

*Orphans make life interesting for a  
rookie missionary in Bolivia*

By RICHARD S. McMONIGAL, M.M.

SIX MONTHS in this paradise in the Riberalta, Bolivia, jungle have passed rapidly. My pastor, Father Gordon Fritz, left here shortly after I arrived. He was called on to supervise reconstruction of a boat. The boat, while carrying our superior general, Bishop Lane, up the river, was damaged by a falling tree.

Rebuilding the boat took two months, and for those two months I found myself struggling with the language and trying to run a parish, orphanage, and school. The school had a very capable Maryknoll Sister as director but she was appointed a superior and left for Cochabamba. I have often heard of assistants being moved, but my boat is that I got rid of both my pastor and Sister Superior.

When Father Fritz finished the boat, he was needed to finish the new center house; I found myself alone for another four months.

A couple of times a week I hop on a motorcycle, act as a truant officer, and chase down the local Huckleberry Finns who prefer a day of fun in the jungle to learn-

ing that two plus two equals four.

One never knows what the next day will bring at the school. One day bedlam broke out. Children were screaming at the top of their little brass-plated voices. I grabbed one child and asked what was the trouble. He gasped, "It's a *carachupa*," and ran away. I hurried to my dictionary, not knowing if I needed gun, butterfly net, or marriage license. As happens so many times, it proved to be a local Beni word, and wasn't in the dictionary.

Still puzzled, I went outside. A big group was moving toward me, in the center, Crisanto, our jack-of-all-trades. Crisanto had a burlap bag. In the bag he had the *carachupa*. I took a look at it: it was a harmless, weasel-like animal. The Bolivians claim that it smells like a skunk, but after a year in these jungles I can smell nothing. Somehow the animal entered a classroom during the night and hid in a wooden chest. When the teacher opened the chest and saw two beady eyes staring at her she let out a scream. That was when the pandemonium broke loose.

Another day a boy was carried in from the yard with a broken leg. Sister and I put on splints, and after a long search found one of the few town jeeps to carry him to the hospital. After I had turned him over to the Sisters in the hospital, I returned to find a little girl with a nasty wound on her head. When she was patched up, I changed my white cassock. Twice that day it had been splattered with blood. Now I'm getting used to going around with blood on my cassock; I must look like some rare, bearded Florence Nightingale.

"In perils often . . ." One day at noon, I started to cross the rickety footbridge across the arroyo. I stepped on a loose board. One end went up and I went down with all the grace of a fat lady caught in a revolving door. I landed ten feet below the bridge.

When I was breathing again I stood up. I thought my leg was paralyzed, but I discovered that I had a tin funnel in my pocket which I had landed on. The fall had ruined the funnel and produced a grapefruit on my leg. I staggered home, dirty, scratched, limping, explaining to everyone I met what had happened. They all laughed. They thought it terribly funny that the padre should fall off the bridge in broad daylight.

Once I was buzzing home on the motorcycle and rounded some bushes. Coiled right in front of me, in the middle of the path, was a

big snake. It looked to be 15 feet long. I swerved sharply and took a header. When I picked myself up, I heard raucous laughter from a near-by house and saw the whole family in the doorway watching me. I began to talk about the snake, and they told me they had just killed it in the house. Since they knew I always came back at the same time, they had put it in the path for a little joke on the padre. It was a boa constrictor, but harmless, since it was only six or seven feet long. I laughed, too.

Even my sleep isn't peaceful. One afternoon during the siesta hour, a noise woke me up. A big wet rat was sitting in the middle of the room. He had entered through a drain pipe; and he seemed to be rather proud of himself. Like a shot, I was out of bed with a shoe in my hand, and we had a real good clambake. Under the bed, under the desk, over a chair, behind the cedar chest, until the room was a shambles. I finally cornered him, and, with ten strokes, emerged as victor. Only many years spent in the rough on several golf courses in the States conditioned me for the victory, and, come to think of it, it took about the same number of strokes.

Babies once nearly proved the cause of my undoing. I was baptizing one in the church. He was some months old, but big enough to ride a bicycle. He didn't want any part of Christianity, and was

very vocal about it. Every time I approached, he would wiggle and jump and wave his arms. I felt as if I was spreading Christianity by the sword. As I struggled to pour the water, the baby's screams were drowned out by shouts of the people. I could feel things getting warm, and looked around. Rushing up my back were beautiful flames from my filmy surplice; I had brushed against the lighted candle. I dropped everything and beat the flame out with my hands; then, looking like a refugee from a fire sale, I continued with the Baptism.

The orphans continue to be a source of amusement and exasperation. Every month they go through mountains of food, and I feel that they eat their clothes, too, because they disintegrate so rapidly. Several times a week I take them swimming in the river. It is no Jones beach, just the Beni and mud banks. But I've never seen kids have so much fun with a nickel's worth of real estate, especially when they can throw it at each other.

One morning I entered the orphanage for breakfast. One kid, who is a ham actor at heart, went over to my place at the table. He had my breakfast covered with a white cloth to keep off the flies. With a flourish, he grabbed the cloth to unveil my breakfast. The only mistake he made was that he grabbed the tablecloth underneath—my breakfast cascaded to the

floor with a crash of cutlery and dishes. Try that on your disposition some morning. The fact that the lad is still alive and with us indicates that I have made some small progress over the years.

Our boys are growing up, as we found out. We have two boys in high school, and the first dance of the year was a big event. In true Beni style, they told me two days before, "We have nothing to wear." I like to foster normal "boy-girl" relationships, and wish to avert all possible social stigma because of their being orphans. I had to run around to find cloth and a seamstress to make them white outfits. Unlike the sailors in *South Pacific*, they had something to put on a clean white suit for.

They went out with pants and shirts still steaming from the iron. I, who haven't tied a tie in seven years, was trying to tie theirs as they went down the walk. I felt like a proud papa as they went out all slicked up. But my mother used to get my three sisters off to dances with less trouble than I had with two 16-year-old boys.

After they left, I began to wonder if they even knew how to dance. One girl, whom I asked, told me, "Don't worry. Rossalino is one of the best dancers in the school." Now I'm trying to figure out where he learned, since I thought I knew what he was doing 24 hours a day. Guess this old perfect of discipline will have to check



the beds more often at night. They returned, exhausted, and I guess they had a good time; they had their moment of glory as they lorded it over the younger fry.

My six months alone was also a period of great consolations. Take Candelaria. I heard about her from the Sister-nurse, and went to see her. Seventy years of jungle living had taken their toll. She had never been to confession nor made her First Communion, but now that she was living in the pueblo, and there was a priest available, she wanted to, very much. I tried instructing her but got nowhere. Thinking that perhaps it was my Spanish or lack of feminine viewpoint, I got her to come over to school so that Sister could instruct her. But still nothing would enter her tired, simple old head.

We finally agreed that Candelaria understood enough and that God would make up with His love what was lacking in her knowledge. The day for her First Communion came; she couldn't receive because she had broken her fast. I explained it again, and the next day I saw her in the back of church, confused, hovering like a bird, not knowing what to do. After I had distributed Communion, I motioned her to come up to the rail. She hobbled up on her aching old feet and that which was lacking in bodily grace was made up with the love and longing with which she received our Lord.

Later that day I went to her house to congratulate her. I found a big discussion going on. Candelaria had not eaten all day. My words about fasting had penetrated, and she thought she had to fast all day when she had received Communion. She wouldn't eat a morsel until Padre Ricardo told her it was all right.

There was tragedy, too. A small settlement lies about an hour and a half away by motorcycle. I had been hoping to get out there to take care of the people during the dry season, but the old motorcycle was acting up so much that I did not dare risk it. One day while the Sister-doctor and nurse were here attending a clinic, a man came to the door and said he wanted me to confirm his baby. I went outside.

There was the mother holding the baby. When I approached she started to cry; she said the baby had died about five minutes before. I rushed them into the dispensary, and the Sister began to work with respiration and injections. Even Hollywood could not imitate the drama of the scene as we stood about the little body on the desk. I asked the father if the baby were baptized; and when he said No, I baptized it conditionally. All efforts to revive the child proved useless, and I couldn't talk as I picked up the little body and gave it back to the mother. I could see the sorrow and resignation on the parents'

faces as they took it. Their long, hot, three-hour walk through the jungles had not brought them in time, and there was nothing I could say.

All last night I was disturbed by a noise in the yard that sounded like a horse dragging a broken milk wagon. Since the Beni has no milk and no wagons, I knew it couldn't be that, but I was too tired to investigate. This morning, when I got up, I found all the orphans watching a beautiful, big stallion threshing about.

He had broken into the yard during the night, and put his proud

head through one of the circular openings in a big plank where the boys put their wash basins. When he couldn't get his head out, he pulled the plank loose. Every time a boy approached to help him, he would rear up, and the 12-foot board would whirl around threatening to decapitate everyone.

I had to call the boys off. When it looked as though he was going to knock down both house and orphanage, he lowered his head, and the board slipped off. With one jump he was over the fence and away to freedom. That's all for this letter.

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## *This struck me*

*The early Roman world built itself up to a mighty nation, and then toppled to ruin. Gregory Julian says, in a meeting with St. Ambrose\*, that the nation substituted materialism for love. It seems a fitting example of the very probable outcome of the country that is presently dominated by communism and the philosophy of dialectical materialism. Perhaps soon, the sane men in Russia will turn away from the rulers who have forgotten how to love.*

**M**ORAL GROWTH, moral stability, and finally moral existence itself become impossible when a pragmatic or utilitarian philosophy permeates a society. Surely we Romans proved that this ingenuity, this science, could build a great state. But the state is without love, and the stronger the state becomes, the more desolate society must be. Presently a sane man no longer cares to preserve a civilization full of objects and actions but devoid of love.

\*The Sinner of St. Ambrose by Robert Reynolds, Bobbs, Merrill Co., Inc., New York City. Copyright, 1952.

[For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. It will be impossible to return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.—Ed.]



## My Road to Carmel

By MARGARET LEIGH

Condensed from "*The Fruit in the Seed*"\*

Every soul is alone before God. Yet not often is spiritual loneliness accompanied by as much physical solitude as in the life of Margaret Leigh. This is the story of that life, from her happy days of childhood in a pious Anglican home through years of doubt and bewilderment to a happy fulfillment in the austerity of Carmel. Margaret Leigh is a noted English writer, the author of *Harvest of the Moor*, *Highland Homespun*, *Driftwood Tangle*, and *Spade Among the Rushes*. She has at various times devoted herself to study, teaching, and farming. In all of these activities her natural love of the good, the true, and the beautiful led her to total love of God.

**M**INE is the story of a long, bitter, and unavailing struggle against the love of God. I was born at Oxford, where my father taught. His income was enough for us to live on comfortably. Our home had bright coal fires and mellow lights and deep armchairs

to encourage thought and reading.

My world was seen from our nursery window, for we children were kept kindly but firmly in our own place. My governess was German. By the time I was five, I could speak German as well as English. My mother, with plenty

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of trained servants, had to do little about the household except shop and supervise. A fine classical scholar in her own right, she was able to share in my father's work and play. Mother and father were friends and colleagues and lovers.

In those days, there was no heavy industry nor fast traffic. Trees and gardens abounded, and no gear-changing nor horns nor radios drowned the songs of birds or the sound of the wind. The university parks still had a certain wildness.

Our house was very quiet, with no child in it but myself, after my brother's death. I think that this early atmosphere explains my love of silence, which has been so constant and strong that I cannot remember a time when I was without it.

I had dark hair and hazel eyes, and was considered a pretty child, worth dressing in pretty clothes. My parents took great pains to prevent me from hearing anything unsuitable or seeing anything ugly. Sometimes I played with other children, but more often with nurses and governesses. The youth of nursery-bred children is usually too prolonged. They never have the stimulus of having to keep up with grownups who scarcely notice them, and of trying to understand conversation a little above their heads.

My parents were devout Anglicans. To me their religion meant nothing, for, though I was carefully

taught, I developed no religious sense until I was 17. Before I was seven, this life of cultured ease came to an abrupt end. My father fell ill of a mysterious disease, which was to kill him at 39. He could leave my mother nothing but her faith and her small child's love. The last two years of my father's life were spent in vain travel all over Europe in search of some spa, clinic, or climate that would cure him. My mother nursed him, and trailed him from one foreign hotel to another.

My father, feeling death approaching, turned toward home. But at Lucerne he collapsed, and died there on May 2, 1903. I remember being taken to look upon him for the last time. After that my mother, whose courage never failed as long as there was anything to do, gathered me in her arms and collapsed on her bed. We wept together for a terrible, measureless time.

We were never really poor. My mother invested her small capital very carefully and spent almost nothing on herself. She was able to earn a little by coaching and by giving examinations. We talked of moving from Oxford altogether, but finally decided to stay. All of our friends were there. We moved our beautiful furniture into a shoddy little house, which quickly took on the air of a bookshop or antique dealer's. My mother tried hard to keep me from becoming "rough."

Probably I was trying to supply the masculine atmosphere lacking in our lives. To make a girl really womanly, she should be put among boys.

At the age of ten, I was sent to high school. The people I met there were divided into three classes: those I might ask to tea, those I might walk home with but not ask in, and those I must avoid. I was sensibly dressed in navy serge, which I detested. How I envied the pretty dresses of my more prosperous classmates!

My mother had a bachelor friend who occasionally came to call on her. He was awkward with children, but he gave me beautiful presents. Among them was a toy stable complete with dog cart and dappled-gray horses. He could not have done this for my own sake, little brat that I was. I would deliberately work up a scene to drive him away. To tell the truth, I was insanely jealous.

At 12, I was stooping and narrow-chested, lank and leggy, nearly two inches taller than mother. We always spent part of our holidays with mother's sister, who was married to a village rector. They lived about 12 miles from Ely in flat country where trees and church spires were seen hull down like ships at sea. Uncle Harry was a parson of the old-fashioned, broad-church type. Apart from two services on Sunday and a little parish visiting, he lived the life of a coun-

try gentleman. Aunt Nell had been strikingly handsome in youth, but she had been unable to choose among all the young men who buzzed around her. Then, fearing spinsterhood, she let herself be rushed into a marriage she never would have chosen for herself. Worldly, quick-witted, and skeptical, she hated Anglicanism, and did not hesitate to say so. None of the Leighs were ever clerical-minded. My mother, deeply religious as she was, once remarked, "The clergy are all very well in church, but I can't be bothered with them outside!"

I never loved the rectory, but now it had become a symbol of all I missed in never having a real home after my father died. I might have satisfied this longing by marriage, but it was not to be.

WHEN I was about 17, I ceased being a social snob and became an intellectual snob instead. I read everything from the *Dialogues* of Plato to the *Imitation of Christ*. Yet it pleased God to temper His mercy with a little irony and lead me to Himself not by knowledge but by naked faith.

My mother's religion was pure and deep. But she was too reticent to give it much expression. Seeing that I was developing a spiritual sense, she thought I ought to be confirmed. But I begged her to let me alone for awhile. I had no wish to go to communion, which, in the

Church of England, usually follows confirmation. I dreaded any public ceremony. I feared I would make a fool of myself.

I was naturally shy and silent, especially with boys my own age. I had lived entirely with girls and women from childhood. I liked dancing, but came to dread balls, because of the humiliating blanks in my program. I had a serious, rather dreary expression. Like most shy people, I was always having embarrassing accidents, soup spilled on a new frock, or garters broken in public places. I retreated to reading and intellectual interests.

I fell in love with absolute goodness. I would rather say with God, but that would not represent my thought at the time. The grace of simplicity and humility was given to me only after years of searching and anguish. At this time I wondered, "If Christianity is true, why don't more people take it seriously? Why do our elders give us stones for bread? Why does it make so little difference to anybody? If it is only a comforting myth, why bother about it at all? If Christ's 'Follow Me' meant what it seemed to mean, then what? Certainly not the harmless, silly, and wholly secular life of the average bourgeois Christian of 1912."

Later I had the answer. To certain people, and by no means always the best, comes a moment when God speaks directly to them. He speaks as he did to the young

man of great riches, and shows them the beauty and adventure of following His way. This is their hour, and they do well if they can snatch it. I was given that hour, and by the grace of God seeds were sown which never entirely died.

In 1912 the world seemed stable and secure from pole to pole. The Protestant churches still enjoyed great prestige, though they were corroded within by compromise. Youth tended to drift either to Catholicism or to socialism, since Protestantism couldn't satisfy their demands. It is the same today. I wonder when the churches that cry out against the drifting away of their young people will stop offering them entertainment and soft choices? When will they ask them for all they have, and a little bit more? No wonder youth sometimes looks to Moscow for faith and sacrifice!

In those days we attended St. Barnabas, a very "high" church. It was filled with outlandish ornaments, bad air heavy with incense, and florid music. It had hard wooden kneelers that made dents in your knees, but it also had the witty sermons of Walter Carey and Ronald Knox. Above all, it was real. It had crowds of poor and rows of ardent undergraduates, and no "society" churchgoers. Once in a while somebody like Knox would shoot like a rocket into the Catholic Church, but most

remained true to their English traditions.

My mother was one of these. She was about as "high" as she could be without ceasing to be an Anglican. Yet she would not even consider becoming a Catholic. It was not papal authority that bothered her. It was her basic Englishness, her deep devotion to what, in religion, seemed to represent the spirit of England, that kept her from following Ronald Knox into the Catholic Church.

In August we went to Switzerland. Among other places, we visited the great monastery of St. Bernard. No traveler was ever turned away, and no charge was made for lodging, but those who could afford it were expected to put into a box what they would have spent at a hotel. We were given a good supper. Then we were taken to a large dormitory with a double row of beds.

There were straw mattresses and coarse blankets. Between the rows of beds stood a long trestle table with water jugs and basins. There was ice in the jugs next morning. We heard Mass, inspected the kennels of the famous dogs, and had

a plain but wholesome breakfast. That was my first contact with monastic life. I felt strangely attracted to it even at the time. I knew that renunciation is the key to the contemplative life. But I didn't realize that, just as the carnal man must mortify his instincts, so the intellectual man must sacrifice his intellectual pride.

NEXT March I won a scholarship to Somerville, the most progressive and intellectual of the women's colleges at Oxford. After the quiet of home, I found it very stimulating to be among bright young people of my own age. There were students from all over the country and from overseas. I was too silent and dreamy to take the lead in anything. Yet I made a few close friends with whom I've always kept in touch.

My mother hoped that I would find some man and fall in love, as she herself had done at my age. Indeed I might have, for I was naturally affectionate. But the right man didn't appear. I was extremely sensitive and particular.

Marriage for its own sake meant nothing to me. The physical side



repelled me, mainly because of my ignorance. What little I knew came from my secret reading of forbidden passages in the classics. I hated housekeeping, had no interest in babies, and feared anything that might interfere with my ambition to become a university don. I had a persistent admiration for the ascetic ideal and the state of virginity.

Apart from one Catholic friend, most of my companions were unbelievers. Oxford in those days was like a cloister without holiness. Women students were merely tolerated. We sat at separate tables during lectures, and were forbidden to speak to men friends in the street or to meet them without a chaperone. Fortunately, we had plenty of other interests.

Every Sunday during my first term I would cycle over Magdalen bridge to the Cowley Fathers' church. These men followed an Anglican adaptation of the Rule of St. Benedict. The solemn Gregorian chant and the reverent reading of the English liturgy impressed me deeply.

Yet it was during this first year at Oxford that the fabric of my religion began to crack. Little by little, against my will, the skepticism of the place was infecting me. Still, in the core of my being I was still faithful, and suffered accordingly. No one who has ever felt even the lightest touch of the divine love of God can ever be com-

pletely weaned away from Him.

In my misery I ceased to pray and to go to communion. Had I known anyone skilled in the spiritual life, or even found the right books, I might have been spared my doubts. But it was God's will to purify me not by a sudden conversion, but by 30 years of wandering in the desert of unbelief. During this time I committed many kinds of sin and every kind of imbecility.

I had noticed that there were always more women in church than men. Our entirely feminine household had given me a greater admiration of men than they deserved. I looked upon them as the more rational sex, and drew my own conclusions about church attendance. It didn't occur to me that plain laziness might be at the bottom of their apparent indifference. Since then I have learned that quite a few men think it is all very well for their wives and children to practice a little religion, while they play golf or lie in bed.

**T**HE outbreak of war in 1914 shook me to my foundations. I seldom paid attention to the newspapers, and I had no idea that war was really coming. I had no aptitude for nursing; I didn't volunteer for the Voluntary Aid detachment. My mother was heartbroken that she had no son to offer her country. I told her she should thank God for sparing her that ordeal.



It was the first of many rifts between us.

At first, Oxford was little changed. The great rush to service came later. But Somerville was taken for an officers' hospital, and we were transferred to Oriel.

I left the Anglican church in 1916. I was completely disillusioned when the Anglican clergy joined those who were preaching the wartime doctrine of hate. The heroism, self-sacrifice, and patriotism of 1914 were giving way to lying propaganda, cruelty, and deliberately fostered hatred.

Most of my friends were pacifists. The Quaker influence at Oxford was strong. In peace we are all pacifists, but in war we scorn them as traitors and cowards. Our family doctor was a Quaker. He and his American wife kept open house, not only to born Quakers, but to all who sought peace. Often I went to their meetings for worship. A Quaker meeting is always impressive. The worshipers are all of one mind, and pray silently. The atmosphere is like the sacramental silence of Carmel and Clairvaux.

It was at this time that I first got the idea of salvation through single-minded devotion to work. This idea lasted a long time. It bore much temporal fruit, and at the same time helped train me for my spiritual end. This, you may say, was an austere, inhuman sort of life for a young girl. I was still

unattached and aggressively virginal. A good thing, for there were no men to fall in love with. I knew so few boys I could read a casualty list without a tremor.

In 1917 my former philosophy tutor asked me to take a job with him in Admiralty Intelligence. A job in London had been the dearest wish of all of us at Somerville. Here I was at 22, working in an office staffed by Oxford men in the mightiest wartime capital of the world. Yet I had neither the ambition nor sense to make the most of this adventure. I took only a mild interest in clothes, made few friends, and went back to Oxford every week end on my free railway pass.

The heavy moonlight air raids of September made me horribly afraid. Bombs have always had a special terror for me. I took this excuse to leave my job. I was getting tired of it, anyway. My tutor was annoyed. He had taken a lot of trouble to get me appointed.

I SPENT that winter in rooms I rented on the coast of Cornwall. My Quaker friends of Oxford had introduced me to a middle-aged Quaker couple there. They lived in a country house combined with a family rope factory. They were very kind to me. I visited their quiet, peaceful house often, and before long I became a Quaker.

The elder of their two sons had no desire to enter the family busi-

ness. He had been to Cambridge, and we found many interests in common. He was, of course, a conscientious objector. The government had put him to work on a farm in the district, and he was able to get home every week end. I was so innocent I had no idea he was courting me until his parents paid a formal call on my mother! I was surprised, a little alarmed, but definitely gratified. But I felt not a trace of love.

I fled to Oxford and a job as secretary to a man who was doing research. John followed me there and pressed his suit harder.

He was risking prison by leaving his job, and I was touched. We became formally engaged in February. John was 26 and serious-minded. He wished to marry at once, settle down, and start a family. I was in no such hurry. Had I not been tired, lonely, and in poor health, I would have known better than to become engaged to a man I did not love. I was tempted by the comfort, security, and family affection that he represented.

My mother liked John personally. She was delighted to think of my being provided for against the dangers of life and the desolation of lonely old age. But she disapproved of his pacifism. Many of her friends sympathized with her for the prospect of having a "conchy" son-in-law.

The next summer I caught the measles. In the depression and idle-

ness of getting well, I was tormented by every fear and misgiving. I would gladly have backed out, but engagements were not easily broken in those days. If I could only get free without hurting anybody. Night after night I lay awake in tears, going over and over my problem.

November, just before the armistice, I asked John to release me. A little later he came to see if I would change my mind. I happened to be away that day, and he never came back again. Later he married somebody else. My mother was torn by regret over the good things I had thrown away. I felt pleasantly free, but also rather lonely and empty. I was now saddled with the not-so-pleasant burden of earning my living.

ONE DAY all the bells in Oxford began to ring and people went around with tears in their eyes. The war was over! Peace was soon followed by the great flu epidemic. Everybody in the house where I lived was ill at the same time. As soon as I recovered, I started to look for a job.

I became assistant classical mistress at St. Leonard's school at St. Andrews in Scotland. It was a good job. I had only senior and scholarship students, and did not have to live at the school. The gray stones, gray sea, scarlet gowns, far-away hills, and tangy air of Scotland appealed to me deeply. I could

keep order and give interesting lessons, but I often annoyed people by my open dislike of organized games. About this time I left the Quakers. I ceased to practice any kind of religion. Like many of the people around me, I fell into a kind of vague, liberal humanism.

Later I got what I thought was a still better job, lecturer in classics at Reading university. The other members of the classical staff were of outstanding ability and freshness of mind. It was a pleasure to work with them.

University vacations are long, and I spent 22 weeks of the year at a cottage I rented at Chyreen. It stood on a little cliff 150 feet above the sea. It was made of solid stone, with slate roof, and the windows looked straight into the sea.

I loved it there. I learned to work with my hands, and made some real friends among the country folk. I walked, swam, read, and wrote a little. Life there deepened the love of wild nature that I had first felt as a little girl. In 1922 I finished a novel, *The Passing of the Pengwerns*, which was accepted by a publisher.

But I was getting disillusioned with Reading. I now had gained the thing I had so continuously longed for. It was the one kind of work for which I believed I had been made. Yet now I felt trapped in a dead end. A woman had no chance of academic promotion.

Like all communities of that sort, the university was riddled with factions and jealousies. I had friends in both camps and took no sides. But the atmosphere grew increasingly unpleasant.

FORTUNATELY, I got a break. An unexpected legacy suddenly made it possible for me to live without regular paid work. Mother and I sold the house at Oxford and went to live in the village of Plockton in southwest England. Most of our friends thought we were crazy. We had no friends, relations, nor interests in the district. We had no experience of small-village life.

Now, at 29, I found myself ready and eager for marriage. But the boys of my world had fallen by the thousands in the war, and there seemed to be six girls for every surviving man. The 1920's were obsessed with sex. Everything you read or heard seemed to be concerned with the repressions and frustrations of virginity. My Highland seclusion may well have been the work of God's grace, to save me from some foolish marriage or guilty entanglement. Perhaps He wanted to preserve my freedom for Himself. If it was God's grace, few could have deserved it less than I.

During those years, my spiritual flame sank almost to extinction. I became hard, restless, cynical. I would spend hours of my far-too-idle days in pouring out my sense

of misery and injustice on my mother. She was offering me the devotion of a lifetime, the most tender understanding of my troubles and my needs. She still believed in me, though I had stopped believing in myself. She even believed in my writing. She bought a typewriter so that she could type my manuscripts for me and save expense.

I began to see that my life without work, roots, or unselfish interests would never work out. But what could I do? I knew neither nursing nor doctoring. I could not even be a village schoolmistress without a special diploma. I went back to Oxford to get a degree in agriculture.

Out of bravado, I chose for the next Christmas vacation the hardest work I could think of. I took a job on a small dairy farm run by a young couple who were eager to make their venture pay. I had never even milked a cow nor done

manual work except in our garden.

We rose at five in the frosty dark, milked, separated, churned, washed up, and chaffed straw. At night we sat for a few minutes nodding over a newspaper; then to bed until roused by the alarm clock. Then another day of toil exactly like the last. We ate fat boiled bacon, crude bread, and potatoes, washed down with great quantities of black tea.

All these things I normally scorned. Now they tasted delightful. The first week I thought I would die of cold, weariness, and backache. The next week I began to like it. My employers were always kind, good-tempered, and humorous. And I felt a solid satisfaction in the hard work.

During Easter vacation I found a much easier job on a sheep farm. The farmer and his wife were well-educated people of middle age. They were Catholics isolated in a strong Protestant district. They followed the same calm, deeply religious rhythm of life that had charmed me at my uncle's rectory in Fenland. We became very friendly.

From now on, my life became less intellectual and more active. In 1930 I took a party of small boys to the Fairbridge Farm school in Australia. I had no experience whatever with children. The last night before we sailed seemed the worst I'd ever spent. I did not care for Australia, and was very



glad to get back to England. I did a lot of writing during the 30's, turning out three novels, *Highland Homespun*, *Harvest of the Moor*, and *Driftwood Tangle*.

At the age of 37, I became engaged to a childhood friend. He had lately come back from Canada, and wanted to farm. My mother was delighted. She liked this young man of good family. She hoped that he would convert me to the Catholic faith into which he had been born. If I would not be an Anglican, she would far rather see me a Catholic than a skeptic.

I would do no more than promise that any children of the marriage would be reared as Catholics. A month before the wedding day my fiancé broke off the engagement. He couldn't face up to the responsibilities of marriage.

Down deep I felt a great sense of relief that I was once more free. On the surface I was seething with outraged pride. But this slap in the face did me much good. It forced me to take stock of myself and to act.

I decided to take a small farm, and to farm it on my own responsibility. Not far from our home was a half-ruined cattle farm named Achnadarroch. The owner offered it to me rent free for two years in return for improvements. It had once been good. The present state of neglect challenged all my sense of adventure and pioneering

spirit. Besides, it was beautiful, with rolling hills and pinewoods and a distant view of the hills of Skye across the water. I was extremely conscious of the natural beauty around me. I felt a thrill similar to the contemplative's awareness of the presence of God.

I now never went to church nor prayed nor read the Scriptures. But I remained deeply influenced by the moral standards of my home. I was strangely impatient of any sneers at Christ or His Church.

At the end of the first year at Achnadarroch I hired a young assistant. I will call him David, although that was not his real name. He was barely 18, fond of farming, and a great reader. We had much in common. We were both lonely, and in such close isolation it is not surprising that we fell in love. We wandered the woods like children, holding our amazing secret. But there were 20 years between us, and to marry would mean disaster. Had I been wise, I would have sent him away at this time.

Our idyll at Achnadarroch was not to last long. At the end of the two years the owner took the property back to farm it himself. David's and my delight in one another was tinged with sorrow, for we felt that everything we did was being done for the last time.

I should have sent David away when we left Achnadarroch. But

I could not bring myself to it. We took a dairy farm at Newton. The buildings were old and inconvenient. There was no water in house or yard, and no road. There were only the two of us to do the work, which was very heavy.

Either because of my pride or some remnant of Christian feeling, it took me two years before I asked myself why we should continue our painful and apparently futile chastity. Whatever joy we then snatched was overshadowed by impending doom. I knew the whole thing was folly and worse. I could not and ought not to hold him.

Then came the final stage, the cruel, ugly death agony of our foolish love. A girl friend of his childhood, whom he afterwards married, came back into David's life. With all the cruel violence of youth, he hacked himself free of me. I experienced a hell of jealousy, outraged pride, and abandonment. Above all was the humiliating knowledge that it was all my own fault.

But through all this, God's grace worked in secret. Its instrument was nothing more than a flock of sheep. I had 100 Cheviot ewes on the moor, and would shepherd them on horseback. Often I would ride out with tears streaming from my eyes. By the time I had found my sheep, the whole nightmare would lift. Peace would invade me

to the depths of my soul. I used to think this was caused by the beauty of nature. But really it was God, waiting with the patience of a cat at a mousehole for me to come out and surrender.

At Michaelmas, 1938, I sold the farm at Newton and took a publisher's commission to travel on horseback from Bodmin moor to the Scottish border and write a book about it. The result was *My Kingdom for a Horse*.

During the next year I was happy with the happiness of a good pagan in the hour before a dawn he will never see. Yet I knew I was already half-Christian again. If I were to discover that Christianity was false, the bottom would drop out of my world. What I wanted was not mere security but goodness. I hungered for absolute integrity, complete purity of intention. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

In March, 1939, I returned home and spent that last summer of peace with my mother. In August I spent a few days with a friend and his wife, who were working a small field on the island of Tanera, just off the coast. Each evening I would go out and bring in the cows. One Sunday evening my host came out to meet me and tell me that once again Britain was at war.

I went into the garden and wept. Yet the shock of disillusion was less than in 1914. We had been

through all this before. The uneasy peace of the between-war years was unlike the seeming stability of the days before 1914. But there was a bitter sense of waste, frustration, and despair: despair of a world that knew not God; a world that had neither the strength nor will to make the venture of faith.

The scientists had promised an earthly paradise for the future. Under the menace of war, this now seemed a fantastic dream. Christ had promised only tribulations, persecutions, and the sword, and His promise has been fulfilled through the ages. Yet He had also said, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," a thing no pagan has ever said or ever can say.

They needed help at Fernaig, and I went to live there as a farm worker. The master and mistress were in late middle age, and the shepherd was over 70. I knew days of hard, satisfying labor, restful, quiet nights, and the slow rhythm of the seasons, with its infinite power to heal. The place was remote from bombing, which was a considerable relief to me.

THE people of this place were Catholics. Often I would watch them going to Mass at Craigston church. If only I could have persuaded myself to join them. But my soul was half asleep. Softness of heart can be as great an obstacle to grace as hardness.

In February, 1942, I took over a

vacant field near Smirisary, near the edge of the Atlantic. My age group had been ordered to register for national service. I thought if I could develop this vacant farm I would be doing war work. I would thus avoid being "directed" into anything else. I lived in one room with only a bed, dresser, table, and a couple of chairs. I had good friends living within a mile, but no desire for company. I had so few possessions that there was nothing to provoke jealousy among the other crofters.

My mother was then living with friends near Fort Augustus. I visited her often. Suddenly, on Holy Saturday, after a Good Friday spent almost entirely in prayer, she had a stroke, and died soon after.

When I came she did not know me. I had no chance to explain to her the things that had separated us. Nor could I ask her forgiveness for all the sufferings I had caused her so often. We buried her very simply in an old graveyard in the woods, with a brook flowing past the enclosure wall. My grief was dry. It was a long time before I realized that the only person who had always loved me was gone beyond recall. When I did realize it, I would have crossed the world for a glimpse of her, or to hear the sound of her voice.

I began after 30 years to say my prayers. I'd say an Our Father

and a prayer for the repose of my mother's soul. How many hours she must have spent praying for my salvation! Hours that bore fruit, though she must surely have ceased to hope.

I was being irresistibly drawn to the Catholic Church. Yet I was so little aware of this drawing that if I had been dying I doubt if I should have sent for a priest. Yet it angered me now whenever I heard Catholicism attacked. It was the same anger I had always felt when I heard any joking reference to our Lord. Yet I still felt a fear of the hungry demands of God. If you gave Him an inch He would take an ell, and if you offered Him a blank check He would take your whole fortune and a bit more.

After my mother's death, I brought home as much of her furniture, books, and pictures as three small rooms would hold. My mother had left me all she had. Unfortunately, her will was published in the paper. The crofters thought I had become fabulously rich. They couldn't distinguish between the capital sum, which looked large in a lump, and income. This was a pity, for it set up a barrier between them and me.

Because I had simple tastes and no dependents, I was now free of any possible worry about money. I had time for reading and study. I read the great Catholic writers, Arnold Lunn, Christopher Daw-



son, Karl Adam, Ronald Knox, Jacques Maritain. I saw the reasonableness of the Church's claims. I agreed that if Rome fell all other forms of Christianity could order their coffins. I came to feel that for the world's immense troubles the religion of Christ is the only hope. I knew that the love of God, which brings with it love of neighbor, was the only thing that mattered.

Toward the end of 1947, it became clear that I was already three-fourths Catholic. There was no sense in waiting any longer. I had to see a priest and get it over. I wrote to a friend, who put me in touch with the Dominican Father Conrad Pepler.

My first interview was set for an afternoon during the week of Christmas. I remember prowling up and down Blackwell's bookshop, waiting for the hands of the clock to reach the appointed time.



I kept wondering why on earth I was making such a fool of myself.

Father Pepler was very patient. We talked of many things, including hell, but I don't think my questions or his answers really made much difference. I was fully ready for Catholicism. All serious resistance had ceased. Whatever struggles I made now were as futile as the fluttering of a bird in the hand of its captor. When I ceased to resist I began to love. Everything in nature and in literature now spoke to me of what was in my heart. One night I prayed that since I had been so long upon the road I might now advance more quickly.

I began my instructions in November, 1948, and was received into the Church six weeks later. I told no one beforehand but the parish priest. Even a week before the date fixed for my reception, I had nearly bolted. Either from cold feet or my usual indecision, I remember standing a long time in London, hesitating about whether to take a bus to Oxford or to some place far away. I finally decided on Oxford, and on Dec. 29 I was received into the Catholic Church at the ugly little parish church of St. Aloysius at Somerville.

Next day I made my First Communion at Blackfriars, and immediately returned home. I arrived on foot in a snowstorm. The place

was unchanged, but I myself was new.

My first year in the Church was far from easy. The crofters were all Catholic, but none of them had come into the Church from outside. Many expressed polite pleasure at my conversion. One old lady congratulated me on having "safely got on board the bark of Peter."

I found that Catholic faith was one thing, and Catholic practice quite another. I was awkward and self-conscious at my public religious duties. In this world, you pay much dearer for silliness than for sin. It had been easy to go to Mass at Oxford, where no one knew me. But here, where everybody knew me, I had to run the gauntlet of many familiar and curious eyes. I would never have had the courage to go to confession had not the village postmistress calmly preceded me, leaving her hurricane lamp on the floor outside the box.

Most converts speak of the joy of their First Communion. But I was filled with an unreasoning repugnance. I had to drag myself to the rail from sheer obedience, because I believed our Lord wished it, and I could refuse Him nothing.

But I came to love the Divine Office and spiritual reading. I thought that if I wanted to live the interior life in the world, it would help me to become a tertiary. Being a Dominican convert,

my thoughts turned to the 3rd Order of St. Dominic. But I came across an article on the Carmelite 3rd Order, which is almost unknown in England, and has few members. The rule is stricter than the other 3rd Orders, being founded in the spirit of Carmel. In November, 1949, I was "clothed" as a tertiary. I rather enjoyed teaching an atheist friend, who would probably be called upon to lay me out, how to array a prospective corpse in the Carmelite habit.

I was suffering deeply from the recurrent fever of the total love of God, which can only be cured by dying of it. Becoming a Carmelite tertiary seemed to me to be an attempt to bargain with God. What if, after all, He wanted me in Carmel itself? There was nothing to hinder me. No ties, no weakness of health, no important work. I could not rid myself of the idea. Yet I felt that no Superior in her senses would take me as I was and at my age. This thought both comforted and depressed me.

In December, 1949, I was confirmed at Westminster cathedral. A Catholic friend asked me if I was thinking of becoming a Carmelite. I said No, and immediately knew that I had told a lie. On the train returning to Oxford, I was aware of a steady, secret influx of grace into my soul. I felt a great interior peace and a deep, loving, and mysterious conformity of my soul to the will of God.

Then came a crisis. I had planned to visit Ireland. At the last minute, the address of the house in Dublin where I planned to stay was not forthcoming. Tickets, passport, and everything else were arranged. Any sensible person would just have sailed. But I stayed where I was, and visited a Carmelite prioress I had been introduced to by a friend. "Now," I thought, as I waited at the grille, "she will tell me not to be a fool, and that will be that." Yet I had a sneaking hope that she wouldn't say that.

She didn't. She asked me all kinds of searching questions. She put before me all the difficulties of the Carmelite life. They acted as a challenge, like Churchill's words about blood, sweat, and tears. She said that age was no bar, if one had a real vocation. She advised me to keep in touch



with Carmel, and see what things seemed like at the end of a year. I knelt for a long while in the bare chapel, so quiet you could really hear a pin drop. Later, walking to catch the bus, I could have thrown my beret into the air.

The rest was a slow, quiet advance, in secret and in silence. I consulted Father Pepler and my confessor. Both thought I had a true contemplative vocation. The next month I asked to be received as a postulant at a Carmelite convent in the North. To my great relief and joy, I was accepted.

Early in November I slipped out of my house at night, so quietly my dog hardly raised her head to look at me. As I climbed the hill behind the house, I could see nothing but the circle of light cast by the flashlight in my hand.

I could say a good deal more, but there is no need. I could tell of the great but hidden good that is done by the contemplative Orders. But to anybody who believes in prayer and its apostolic value, this is already clear. The others would not understand, no matter how many books were written.

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### *You Is, You Ain't*

A PRIEST explained dialectical materialism, the communist method of argument, to his parishioners this way: "Suppose," he said, "a clean man and a dirty man were each offered a bath. Which do you think would take it?" "The dirty one," answered his flock at once. "Oh no," said the priest, "the clean one, because he was used to being clean. Now do you understand dialectical materialism?"

The parishioners shook their heads. The priest explained again. "Now, who took the bath?" "The clean one," answered his flock. "Oh no," said the priest. "The dirty one, because he needed it." Once more the congregation shook their heads.

"Well," said the priest once again, "a clean man and a dirty man were each offered a bath. Now, which would take it?" "Both," answered his flock with sudden inspiration. "No, no," said the priest, "neither would take it, because the one was already clean and the other preferred his dirt. Now, for the last time, which man would take the bath?" "Neither," answered his congregation.

"You are wrong again," said the priest. "Both would take the bath, because the clean man liked to bathe and the dirty one needed to. Now do you understand dialectical materialism?"

"How can we understand when you give us a different answer every time?" cried an indignant student. "Ah," said the priest, "that is dialectical materialism."

*Tarantel as quoted in Time (12 Jan. '53).*

# Mestrovic: Croatian Michelangelo

*Yugoslavia's greatest artist ignores Tito's bribes  
and remains a free man*

By GEORGE A. CEVASCO

Condensed from *The Sign*\*

**M**ARSHAL TITO wants Ivan Mestrovic, world-famous sculptor now living in the U.S., back in Yugoslavia. According to reports, Tito told a sculptor, who was making his bust, "Tell Mestrovic not to be a fool. Tell him that his studio is intact. Nothing has been destroyed. Tell him to come back." He appealed to Mestrovic's patriotism, to his professional pride as a sculptor. He even went as far as to suggest that Mestrovic could visit Yugoslavia incognito. Mestrovic, of course, refused.

Tito wanted to assemble all of Mestrovic's work in one great national museum, perhaps for propaganda purposes, and present it to the world as Yugoslavia's contribution to world culture. Tito might not know much about art, but he does know that Mestrovic is frequently referred to as "the greatest living sculptor"; that his work was shown in dozens of exhibitions in all the principal cities of Europe

before he was 31 years old; that not long ago he made art history with his one-man show at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, an honor never bestowed upon any other living artist.

Mestrovic is claimed by modernists as one of their own. They embrace him, though his art is less extreme than that of many of his contemporaries, and he is acknowledged also by traditionalists. He is



\**Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. January, 1953. Copyright, 1953, by the Passionist Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.*

both carver and modeler. He has produced every kind of sculpture from portrait busts to huge architectural schemes. He works in wood, stone and bronze. In addition to sculpture, he paints, engraves, and lithographs.

Ivan was born in 1883 at Vrpolje, in the plains of Croatia. He spent his youth tending his father's sheep. His father, the only literate man in the village, spent long hours reading the Bible, epic poetry, and religious pamphlets to Ivan.

The first figures young Mestrovic carved were crucifixes and Madonnas. These soon aroused some comment, and "the carving boy of the mountains" was mentioned in a local newspaper. Some neighboring monks commissioned him to make a devotional carving. They were pleased, but Mestrovic was not. He knew he had much to learn.

In 1900 he left home in search of a teacher. For years, he studied in Vienna and Paris, and from 1911 to 1914, at the Vatican. In 1912 he first received universal acclaim for his exhibits at the Rome International exhibition, which won him first prize as a sculptor. Then for 25 years he taught students who came from all over the world to his studio at Zagreb.

When Yugoslavia was taken over by the nazis, Mestrovic was jailed for pro-ally sympathies. He was not a man to remain neutral or compromise his beliefs. In a nazi

prison camp he started a sketch for his famous *Pietà*, which was not finished until years after the war. In Carrara marble, over eight feet high, weighing 5½ tons, this *Pietà* has been called "the greatest piece of religious sculpture since Michelangelo."

After his release from prison was secured through the intercession of the Vatican and his friend and fellow patriot, Archbishop Stepinac, Mestrovic took refuge in Switzerland. When Yugoslavia was liberated in 1945 and the communist minority headed by Tito assumed power, the artist chose exile. He naturally opposed the communists just as forcefully as he had the nazis. As a free man, he could see little difference.

Mestrovic was finally persuaded to come to the U. S. Here, at Syracuse university, he teaches and carries on his work, hoping for the day he can return to his native land.

Now, as he is growing old, he is drawing almost exclusively upon the great Christian themes that have been his greatest inspiration through life. Though he is not given to writing or speaking about the religious phase of his art, a significant phrase occurs in a short monograph which he wrote on Michelangelo. "The artist must have a profound and slowly ripening conviction," he wrote, "and no work of art can live without some religious conception."

# WBT's Ask-Me Man

*When North Carolinians want to find out something about Catholics, they call their radio station*

By DALE FRANCIS



*Dale Francis is a former Methodist minister. After his conversion and before going to Charlotte, N. Car., where he runs a Catholic-information center, he was with the University of Notre Dame.*

EVERY Sunday I talk on a party line in Charlotte, North Carolina, with half a million people listening in. All I talk about is the Catholic Church. We call our program *The Belief of Catholics*. The idea really isn't new. Protestant ministers have been using it for years. In fact, it was one of those programs that made me decide we'd have to get a program of our own.

Someone had phoned the minister, asking if he believed in the Immaculate Conception. The minister talked awhile and at first I thought he understood it. Then he wound up saying, "It really doesn't matter whether you believe it or not. After all, it's just setting the virgin birth back one generation." The minister was a doctor of theology and the error he had fallen into is one made by a great many non-

Catholics. G. B. Shaw once wrote that the Immaculate Conception meant that Mary came from a long line of virgins. If the educated non-Catholics did not understand the Catholic faith any better than that it was certain that the general run of people didn't understand it either.

I made up my mind that night that I was going to start the same kind of program. First of all, though, I discussed the idea with Bishop Vincent S. Waters. He told me to go ahead if I realized I really didn't know very much, and would be willing to tell people I didn't know an answer if I didn't know it. Then I talked with the man who directs radio activities at WBT in Charlotte, the oldest radio station in the South. Ken Tredwell, who isn't a Catholic, liked the idea from the start. He had just one worry, though. He wondered if we'd get enough questions.

I was scared that first Sunday. As I sat there waiting for the program to start I was mentally berating myself. Who was I to

be answering questions about the Catholic Church? Then the introductions were over and the little white light in the studio came on and I was on the air. I explained first of all that I was a layman, that it was not only possible but probable that I'd get some questions I couldn't answer on the spur of the moment. These I said I'd hold over till next week. Then I announced the telephone number and waited for people to start calling.

Nothing happened. I guess nothing happened for about a minute and a half, but it seemed closer to a month and a half to me waiting there, ad libbing to fill in time, begging for questions. Then the engineer shot into the room. The phone was disconnected. He connected it, and the flood began.

The first man was on the line. He was an old man and he was serious. "I heard tell of Catholics staying up all night beating the devil out of someone. They call it exercising. What's the idea of that?" For a split second I didn't know what he was talking about. Then I realized that he was talking about exorcism, and I explained exorcism to him. He thanked me, hung up, and a new caller was on the line.

That first program is sort of hazy to me. My friends say I sounded as though I was running as I answered the questions. As a matter of fact, that's about what I

was doing. The calls came so fast that I had to go at top speed the entire program. A question would come in. As I repeated it so the listening audience could hear it, I had to be thinking of the answer and as I thought of the answer, I had to give it. A half second after giving it I would think of something more to say but it was too late. I was announcing a new question.

I ended that first program angry with myself. Soon afterwards, calls started coming in from Catholics and non-Catholics alike. There were even a couple of telegrams, and in the week that followed, many letters. Most important of all, Bishop Waters called to say he liked the program. The bishop's approval did me good. A few weeks later, when I was feeling right proud of myself, it did me even more good when he called to point out a great many things I could have done a whole lot better.

In the weeks that have followed there have been hundreds of calls. So far there has never been a really unfriendly call. Sometimes the questions have been the kind that might sound bigoted to Catholics, but I hear the voices on the telephone and I know there is no bigotry.

The Catholic position on marriage comes up most often. Non-Catholics are really bewildered by our insistence on a Catholic marriage for Catholics and assurance

that children of a mixed marriage be raised in the Catholic faith. Often the question has been asked me by people who I feel sure are personally involved in the problem.

Our next most frequent question is a rather odd one caused by the fact that the program is opened with the recitation of the Apostles' Creed. Almost every week someone wants to know about "Christ descending into hell."

Probably the next most frequent question concerns the Blessed Virgin. Once explained, this seems to be the most readily accepted by non-Catholics. I've had dozens of non-Catholics write me that they not only understand the Catholic devotion to our Lady but they agree with it.

Since Charlotte, N. Car., is the least Catholic city of over 100,000 people in the nation, you might expect that there would be some bigotry directed towards a program like ours. There isn't though. One Lutheran minister actually urged his people to listen to the program. In all the many letters I've received there has never been one unfriendly letter. Of all the many people who have stopped by our information center to say they listen to the program there hasn't been one who had anything but praise.

Do I find questions I can't answer? Sure, but they are fewer than I expected. The questions that sincere people ask about the faith are pretty much the ones that

I asked while I was a non-Catholic. If anyone wants to catch me up it would be easy but no one seems to want to call just to heckle me. So far I've had to defer two questions. One was from a man who wished to know what words were written on the Pope's tiara. I've looked at pictures of the tiara and saw no words. I suspect he is thinking about the 666 that some rabid groups claim is marked on the Pope to indicate he is the Antichrist. The other question was why salt is placed in the infant's mouth at Baptism, and, while I had a general idea, I let the question go for a week.

But most of the questions are about purgatory, the forgiveness of sins, the infallibility of the Pope, prayers to the saints, the celibacy of priests, and the use of Latin.

I have an idea that this program format is one that can be used everywhere. First of all, it draws questions. People who might never ask questions of their Catholic friends can telephone from the privacy of their own homes without ever revealing their identity. Second, it discourages bigots or questioners who merely wish to display their own knowledge.

Incidentally, I do my best not to have pat answers for questions. I think the whole key to the program is its informality. While the sense of my answers to a question repeated week after week is the same, the actual words differ.

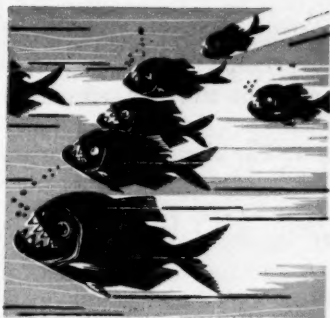


# The Angriest Fish

*The piranha's body is built  
around its ferocious jaw*

By WILLARD PRICE

Condensed from "The Amazing Amazon"\*



**T**HE AMAZING little fish called the piranha is more dreaded by the dwellers of the Amazon jungle than any other form of animal life.

The shark is dangerous but usually attacks things smaller than himself. The piranha, or *caribe*, will take on an adversary of any size. It will attack alone; and the smell of blood will promptly bring thousands of others to the feast. They will appear by magic from water that a moment ago seemed entirely free of them.

The piranha is only a foot long but has the face of a bad dream, malevolent, staring eyes, the under-shot jaw of a bulldog, a mouth several times too large for so small a fish, and two rows of large wedge-shaped teeth tapering to needlelike points.

It has the same uncertain temper as the shark and the crocodile. Sometimes it will pay no attention to a swimmer. But usually a bather is in danger. If the swimmer's skin has been scratched or if he has an

open sore, the piranhas are immediately attracted. They attack with such ferocity that he is fortunate if he escapes alive.

Many Indians are short a finger, lost when a canoe paddle was dipped a little too low in the water. A member of a Brazilian exploring party was wading across a narrow stream when he was attacked by hundreds of the fish; he swung himself out of the water by means of an overhanging limb but he had been so terribly injured that it was six months before his wounds healed. With one nip of their steel jaws the piranhas can take out a circular chunk of flesh as big as a dollar and up to half an inch thick.

Splashing attracts the fish. Campers vigorously scrubbing their hands with soap also invite attack. Indians, when launching a boat, wade into the water with slow, slinking movements to cause as little disturbance as possible.

Clothing will not discourage the piranhas. Once when a mule returned to the camp of an exploring

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party alone, friends of the rider followed the mule's tracks to a ford. There they discovered a man's skeleton. The clothes were not injured. The fish had gone under them and stripped every particle of flesh from the bones.

A member of an American scientific expedition going up a river in the Chaco let his hand trail in the water while he was taking a brief nap. The hand was attacked and the flesh stripped off before he could awaken. The shock he experienced when he drew out the skeleton of his hand caused him to faint and fall into the river. The swift current made it difficult for his companions to rescue him immediately; when they did a few minutes later there was nothing left except his suit and his bones.

A cattleman in Paraguay, Thurlow Craig, was startled to see, placidly floating alongside his boat, six inches under the surface, a dark blue suit and bright yellow shoes. From the collar of the suit projected a white skull.

Piranhas will attack anything, alive or dead. They bite off the tails of swimming dogs. When a shark or other large fish is caught on a fisherman's hook, piranhas will take advantage of its helplessness and bite off its tail. They do not hesitate to attack a disabled member of their own kind. The New

York Aquarium tried to rear several piranhas in the same tank. The fish tore each other to bits. When separated by glass, they attacked the glass. For years the aquarium kept as a curious exhibit a pair of surgical tweezers, the hard steel of which had actually been nicked by a piranha's teeth.

The fish will nip through an ordinary copper fishing leader as if it were cheese. Many hooks will be lost unless the fisherman braids three strands of heavy wire.

Once out of water, piranhas grunt or squeal, and savagely attack everything within reach—boots, machetes, the thwarts or gunwale of the canoe, the wooden planks of a dock, and each other. Even after death the piranha works its powerful jaws. I saw the head of one that had been severed from the body for more than a minute snap at the hand that touched it.

Our specimens were caught with nothing more than a piece of rope. We simply soaked the end of the line in monkey's blood and tossed it in. It was immediately seized by a piranha, with such a grip that the fish was readily hauled ashore. A school promptly gathered, and when the line was again dropped into the water we witnessed a blood-curdling struggle as hundreds of churning fish fought for the privilege of biting a rope end!



*A* landlord is known by the temperature he keeps.

Dan Bennett in *The Saturday Evening Post* (20 Dec. '52).

# BOOKS

## USEFUL READING

BY FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

CATHOLIC AUTHORS, edited by *Matthew Hoehn, O.S.B., B.L.S., Newark, N.J. St. Mary's Abbey.* 633 pp. \$6.50.

Four years ago Father Hoehn issued his first volume of *Catholic Authors*. This second volume is the completion of his work and carries the record up to the present. The two volumes provide an interesting, charming introduction to 994 contemporary Catholic authors, of which the second volume contains 374 biographical sketches. Unlike most biography, Father Hoehn's work is fun to read. Through some editorial magic he has managed to beguile his authors into many intimate revelations that bring them before us with human and sometimes even humorous roundness. This is a distinct gain in helping us to understand their works, their ultimate purpose and importance. The significant converts, the poets, the young Catholic writers of note, all are here. This is an important and necessary book for every high-school and college library.

MARIA CROSS, *Donat O'Donnell, N. Y. Oxford University Press.* 267 pp. \$5.

Donat O'Donnell presents critiques of Waugh, Green, Mauriac, O'Faolain, Claudel, Peguy, and

Bloy. There is a dearth of good English criticism of these important Catholic writers, and O'Donnell's book is a serious and creditable beginning. "What I have done," says O'Donnell, "is to consider, in turn, the work of some important writers who are Catholics, and to attempt in each case to follow the central pattern of work."

O'Donnell has a fine analytical mind and he lets it range, sometimes at will. It is in these moments that he repays us most with intuitions and meanings. Most of his psychiatric excursions are of this kind. There are times, however, when he is so bent on constructing an allegory or so determined to evolve a symbolism that he seems to be driving his sheep and goats willy-nilly into prefabricated pens. I do not accuse him of the antics of semantics, but he comes perilously near it at times.

The studies of Mauriac are the most complete and satisfying; the analysis of Greene least so, because of its incompleteness. But whether complete or incomplete, the studies in this book are provocative and they should serve a good purpose in generating discussion which may ultimately help readers to understand some of the most complex writers of our times.

YEAR'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE BIBLE AND CHRISTIANITY (*Published by the editors of Year*); Los Angeles. 192 pp., illustrated. \$7.95.

Here, in graphic form, the editors of *Year* present a "picture-history" of the Bible and Christianity.

The rise and the progress of Christianity and all the world's important religions are traced down through history to our own day. Those who have neither time nor industry to study the histories of various religious groups will find in this book a convenient bypath to a knowledge of religion and an understanding of the present worldwide struggle between atheism and the world of the spirit. The picture selection is dramatic and well arranged. Even quite small children can follow the various stories with instant appreciation and interest.

KING SOLOMON'S RING, *Konrad Z. Lorenz*, N. Y. *Thomas Y. Cro-*

*well Company*. 300 pages. \$3.50.

Good books about animals are rare. Usually authors transfer to creatures their own sentimental habits of mind or they think of them as tricky little things that can amuse friends or provide some kind of companionship for lonely hours. Doctor Lorenz does none of these things. He is a scientific naturalist but a most unusual one. The cold intellectual attitude of science is in his case warmed with humor and love to a sensitive regard for every living thing.

It is this combination of intelligence and heart that makes his memoirs of animals delightful and often hilarious reading. The destructive tantrums of his monkey, Gloria; his geese that couldn't be house-broken; the cockatoo that ate all the buttons off the washing hanging in the garden; all these provide amusing episodes.

The surprising antics of these birds, insects, animals, and fishes are used by Dr. Lorenz to give the

**BOOKS**

**SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB**

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(*Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.*)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. Song of the Sun, *by Elizabeth Orton Jones* (Macmillan, \$2.25).

Intermediate Group—9 to 12. Sea View Secret, *by Elizabeth Kinsey* (Franklin Watts, \$2.50).

Boys—12 to 16. Oolak's Brother, *by Bud Helmericks* (Little, Brown, \$2.75).

Girls—12 to 16. Rich Inheritance, *by Winifrede Nolan* (St. Martin's Press, \$2.50).

Knowledge Builders. The Story of India, *Jean Bothwell* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3).

reader "a slight inkling of our fellow creatures and their life." Dr. Lorenz has certainly inherited King Solomon's ring, which gave him power over all creatures.

CHEF'S HOLIDAY, *Idwal Jones, N. Y. Longmans, Green & Co. 210 pp. \$3.*

First-class books don't happen every day. When one comes along it's something wonderful. *Chef's Holiday* is a book of this kind. It's a cookbook, but what an unusual one. In the first place, it has a plot: a loose one, it's true, and not very complicated. The scene is France. Florian, owner and cook of the Rocambole inn, meets Denis Centilivre, owner of a traveling circus.

Florian, a gourmet's delight, has many talents in addition to cooking. Chief of these is his ability to handle lions. Denis has problems, three, in fact, and all of them are lions freshly caught in Africa and waiting Florian's inimitable touch in a dirty old freighter at Nantes.

Florian closes his inn and starts off through France with the boss. En route they are met by the author, and then the fun begins. Glimpses of French life and character, droll humor, eel fishing, gypsies, folklore, bits of history and cooking that will make you go out and buy rare foods of all sorts, glorify the remainder of the holiday.



### *Just One More Time*

IN 1942, a man named Rafael Solano, with two companions, was scouring the dry bed of a long watercourse in Venezuela, looking for precious stones. For long months, the three men had been working the river bed, stooping, bending, being bitten by insects. Their fingers were worn and their eyes were strained from the effort they spent in examining pebbles.

Solano looked at his friends. Their clothes were torn, their sombreros tattered, their faces gaunt. He knew he looked like that, too. He sat down, wiped his brow, and grunted, "I'm through. I mean it this time."

His friends scoffed. "Better pick up one more," they said. "Make it a million before you quit."

"All right, but this is the last one," Solano said, and he reached into a pile of rocks at his feet.

That was how Rafael Solano picked up the "millionth pebble," "The Libertador," which was to earn him \$200,000. It was a diamond the size of an egg.

W. G. Montgomery in the *Ligourian*.



# Their Children Are Expendable

When the Filipino communists retreat,  
their own children become excess baggage

**J**ust how unimportant an individual life is in the communist scheme of things was demonstrated in the story of the Huk orphans.

During their rapid retreat before the Filipino army, the Huks, communist rebels, abandoned their own children. They murdered some babies, and left the others behind.

After the Japanese captured the Philippines in 1942, the Filipinos organized two guerrilla armies to fight their conquerors. One of these was called Hukbalahap (portions of words meaning People's Army Against the Japanese).

When the war ended, many of the Huks hid in the mountains, and terrorized farmers and travelers who passed near their hideouts. Communists seized control of the group, and used it to take over villages.

Hundreds of tenant farmers, dissatisfied with the division of crops allotted them by their landlords, joined the Huks in the hope

of forcing the government to reform the land-ownership situation. Malcontents, criminals, and the ignorant were taken in by the Huks' glowing promises.

By 1952 the Huks had reached the peak of their power, and boasted that they would soon seize Manila. The government then reorganized its army, and began a vigorous campaign to wipe out the Huk movement.

Relentlessly the Filipino army chased the Huks from one mountain hideout to the next. The fugitives ordered the liquidation of their children so that the tots would not hamper their hasty retreat. In answer to the public outcry which greeted this inhumanity, Huk leaders issued a statement in their mimeographed newspaper. The statement condemned the "capitalist" attitude toward the liquidation of "expendables."

"The infirm, the aged, and the children—all of them are expendable because they are replaceable. With our system of free love, lost

Huk babies, abandoned in the mountains by their parents, arrive in an army ambulance.



For most of the Huk orphans the bath they get at the hospital is their first in many days.

lives can always be recovered. This is for something bigger than the lives of individuals: the supremacy of the downtrodden masses."

The Filipino army buried the dead children, and took the abandoned ones to a military hospital where they were treated for illnesses. Through photographs published in Manila newspapers, some of the parents who had surrendered later to government troops were able to identify their children and reclaim them.

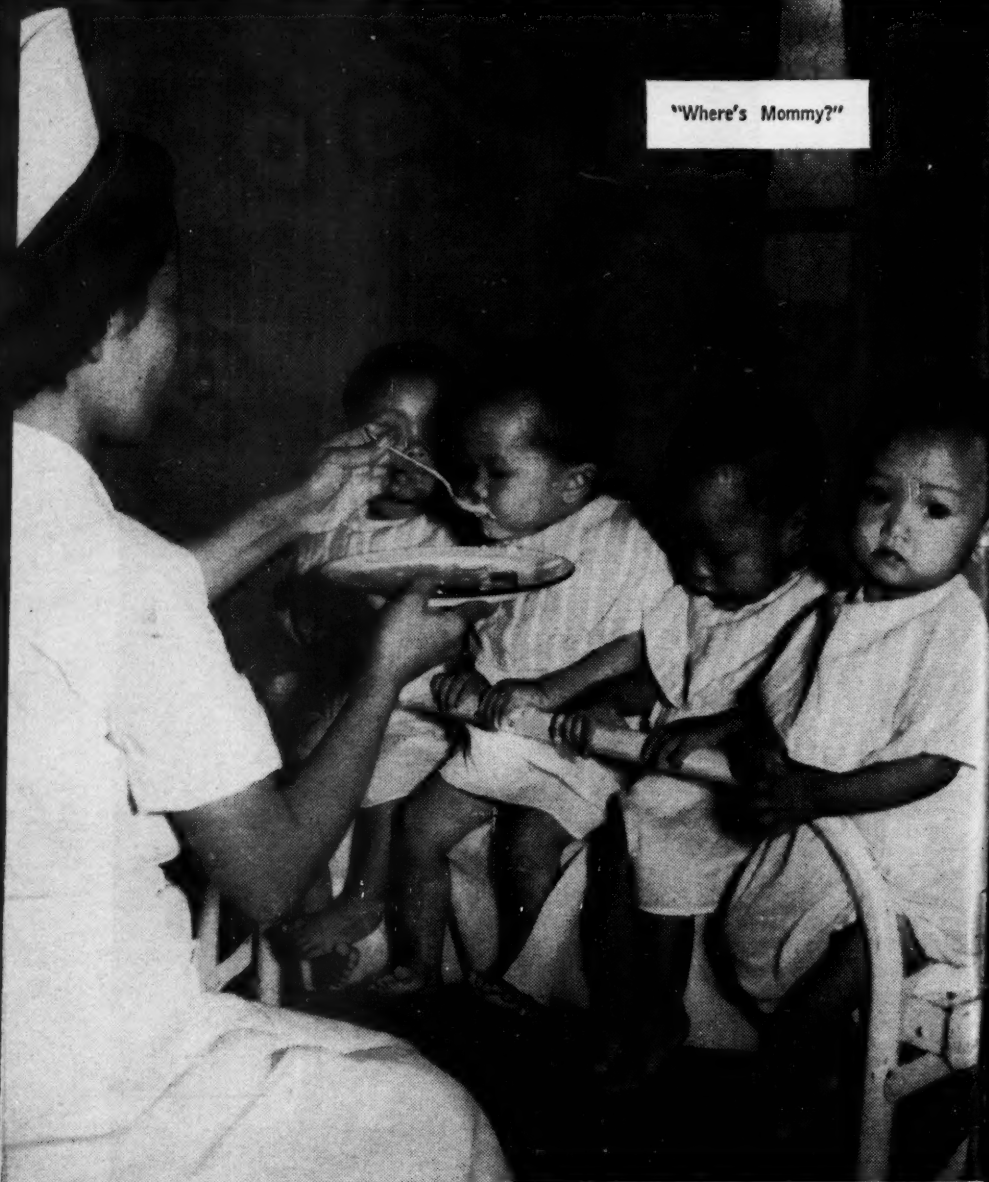




Each tot is assigned a bed  
and dressed in clean clothes.



"Where's Mommy?"



A Huk woman who surrendered to the government identifies her child in a photograph which appeared in one of Manila's newspapers.



